THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 9, 1931
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the BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, September 9, 1931 No. 1447. Vol. CXI.

The BYSTANDER

JEANETTE MACDONALD

The famous American film star, who shared the honours in "The Love Parade" with Maurice Chevalier. On her recent return to Europe, complete with fiancé, she indignantly denied the gossip which associated her name in a sensational manner with that of a European Royalty. She will appear at the Dominion Theatre on September 21

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD ON THE MOORS

Mr. William Nicholson's party from Somerstone Lodge wading across the River Nidd on the way to the butts on Angham Moor, near Harrogate. Inset centre: Mr. W Riley-Smith, with his loader in the background, in the Inverness-shire Glen of Glenfeshie, near Kingussie.

Mr. F. C. Fossett, Mrs. Leatham, Mr. Marshall Churton, and Mr. N. Leatham, guests of Mr. W. Riley-Smith, on the moor. In the distance is the Glen of Glenfeshie, considered to be one of the most beautiful in Scotland. Despite the wet weather, grouse shooting has been far from a "wash-out" this season

the passing hour

THE REUNION OF A ROYAL FAMILY

Prince Paul (left) and King George of Greece with their sisters, Princess Hélène of Roumania and Princess Irene of Greece at Gullane, East Lothian, where they are the guests of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Horlick. The popular Press was agog with excitement when it was discovered that the two princesses, giving a lead to England on the necessity for economy, travelled third class when going North

WITH the Speaker's summons to the reopening of Parliament yesterday (Tuesday), there is no doubt but that London will rapidly fill up, the more so since the fate of the Government at the moment is full of uncertainty. It is said that the Government expect a majority of about fifty, but it is highly speculative. No one knows as yet how many Socialists the Prime Minister and Mr. Snowden can carry with them. So far their numbers do not appear to be embarrassingly large.

In next week's issue Mr. Charles Graves will continue his further experiences of Germany To-day

THE "Libs," of course, are, as usual, at sixes and sevens. If the National Government continues on rigid Free Trade lines they will mainly support their leaders, although no emaciated army had so many officers and so few followers as the Liberals. The Conservatives are also by no means happy, because the bulk of them believe the only real way to get Britain on her legs is by a scientific tariff, and a continuance of dumping with the imposition of new taxes looks to them like accelerating the present evil. They are likely to demand as an alternative to a tariff at least the prohibition of many foreign foodstuffs. Mr. Baldwin has not added to his prestige by going into a Coalition with Mr. Snowden without exacting any pledge. Thus the sittings of Parliament are likely to be hectic, to say the least of it, the more so as the T.U.C. are now flirting with the idea of a tariff.

ONE of the gayest places on the Continent this year has been Baden Baden, from which Sir Harry McGowan has just returned, weighing over a stone less than he did on his arrival at Dr. Bengler's. Bengler's is also graced by Lady Ludlow, M. de Laszlo, and Count Wrangel. Mrs. George Whigham, the mother of Miss Margaret Whigham, was there for a time before changing her treatment and enlisting under the banner of Dr. Schacht. Staying at the Stephanie has been Sir David Milne-Watson, the head of the Gas Light and Coke

Miss Romaine Combe, fiancée of Viscount Castlereagh, only son of Lord and Lady Londonderry, took part in a garden fête at Mount Stewart, Co. Down, where she appeared in this attractive mediæval costume

THEY WANT ALL THE LUCK THEY CAN FIND

Company. There have also been any number of titled Germans, for whom the race week at Baden Baden is their last aristocratic rendezvous.

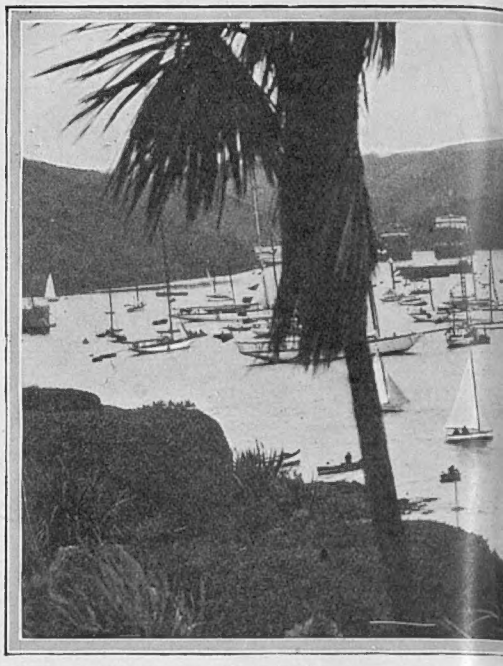
BADEN-BADEN is the reverse of "spa-like" or quiet these days. There is ball after ball, dinner after dinner, and roulette after chemin de fer. You can even play roulette in the restaurants. Among the best-known German sportsmen at Baden has been the Count of Westphalia, the president of the German Jockey Club. Prince Hatzfeldt and his daughter, the Countess Hatzfeldt, who was making her début during race week, were other well-knowns there.

ONE of the most interesting events in the next few days on the Continent will be the secret reunion of all members of the Hapsburg family in Budapest. It is in connection with the "come-back" of Prince Otto as King of Hungary. King Alphonso, who was in Nürnberg last week, like Lord and Lady Denbigh, is one of the many members of the clan who intends to be present.

BIRTHDAYS make strange bed-fellows. That is to say, people who have birthdays on the same day have often little in common with each other. Mr. Justice Avory and Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Ilkeston and the Hon. John Benson, Sir Reginald Rankin and the Hon. William Stourton are all more or less opposites, and yet they all had birthdays on August 31. Lord Ilkeston was 64. Mr. Benson at 30 was the youngest. Mr. Justice Avory having reached the mature age of 80 is likely to retire shortly. Some say that judges should not continue on the Bench after seventy, but the late reappearance of Lord Darling proves that age need not sap intellect.

HOVE is having quite a good season, particularly among the more elderly visitors. Lord and Lady William Nevill, Sir George Marjoribanks, Lord and Lady Plumer, and Sir George and Lady Dance are all staying at the same hotel. Lord Plumer, who still takes such an interest in cricket, is one of the grand old men of England. Small, white moustached, and dapper, he looks the typical retired cavalry officer.

IT all seemed rather unnecessary—the reference to the Queen of Greece travelling third class to



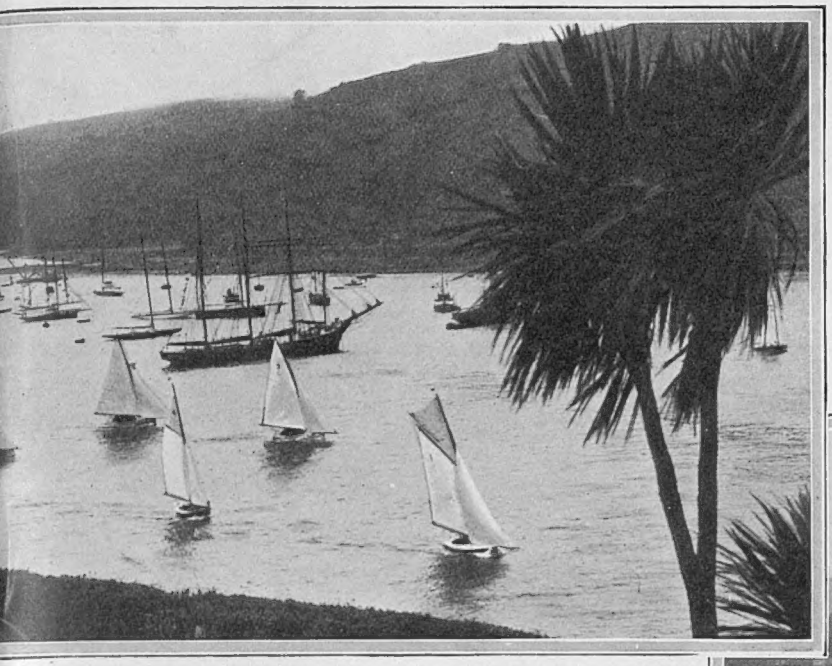
MR. JIM THOMAS AND THE WHITE HEATHER

After a recent Cabinet Meeting at No. 10 Downing Street, the Irrepressible and Cheery one of the National Cabinet observed some sprigs of white heather in the button-hole of the Premier. Contrary to his political opinions, he for once adopted confiscation as his policy and proceeded to distribute the stolen sprigs to his Rt. Hon. friends so that they should all be lucky! Having adorned Mr. Baldwin, he assails Mr. Snowden coming down the steps, while the Prime Minister and Lord Reading stand by

MR. JIM THOMAS AND HIS WHITE HEATHER

Here is the dastardly theft in progress! Undeterred by his Cabinet colleagues, Mr. Jim Thomas abstracts the white heather from the button-hole of the Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin being an accessory to the deed! Everyone except the T.U.C. wishes the recipients all the luck they want

BEAUTY SPOTS IN WESSEX HOLD THEIR REGATTAS



FOWEY EN FETE

The Royal Fowey Yacht Club's Regatta was held last week, and the picture shows yachts racing in the harbour, not quite beneath "the shade of the sheltering palm" but very nearly

Scotland. At the same time, if a Queen can do that, there seems no good reason why Labour members of Parliament should not do the same. After all, they at least were brought up to travel third class while the Queen of Greece was not. Third class in England is not like the third class in Germany, with its wooden seats and lack of all comfort.

S

THE partridge and the oyster are with us again, but the partridge is going to be more expensive than ever. The cold wetness of June and July and then the thunderstorms of August have killed off thousands. Grouse are tougher (I mean physically), while pheasants are looked after by human agency. The partridge is declining fast. It was at its height fifty years ago. In 1885 three guns shot 6,504 birds in a fortnight at Elveden. The Maharajah Duleep Singh, moreover, once shot 780 partridges in a single day. It sounds more like a massacre than sport. As for oysters, they seem to be getting as rare as partridges, which, incidentally, are not eaten by the dozen.

WHAT makes me laugh at this time every year is the announcement that the first partridge you eat in some swagger London hotel was shot at 4 a.m. and then rushed by aeroplane to the chef. The public may have believed it once, to-day it believes that the birds were shot the previous day and then sent by train, reaching London—whether it is the Strand or Piccadilly—in good time for luncheon.

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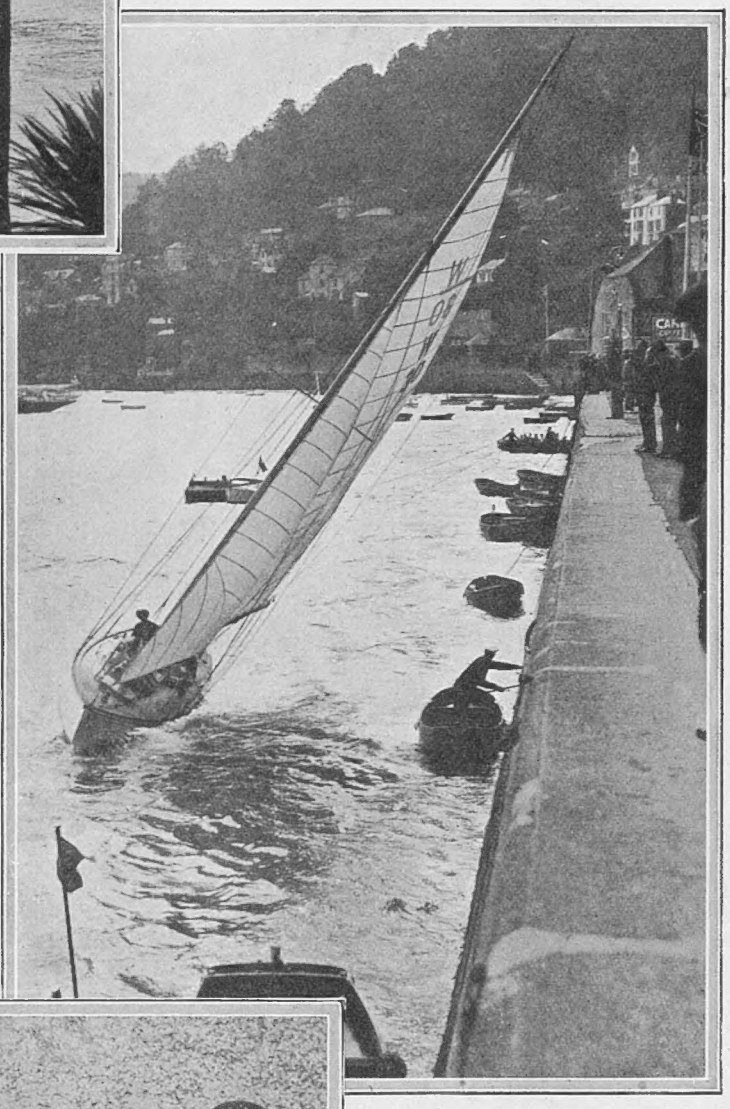
JUAN-LES-PINS has this year decreeed that all its visitors this coming winter shall wear pyjamas, not of linen and thin silks but of light woollens and flannel, and perhaps more subdued in colour than



Mr. C. S. Wollen's "Benita," luffing in close to the Sea Wall in the West Solent Restricted Class Race, in which she came in second at the Port of Dartmouth Royal Regatta. The race was won by Brig.-Gen. E. R. Fitzpatrick's, "Carmela"

A group at the Royal Fowey Yacht Club. Left to right: Col. T. W. Simpson, Lady Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (The Commodore), and Mrs. Edward Treffry, wife of Col. Edward Treffry, the Rear Commodore

THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HOLIDAY

those worn in summer, yet with original designs. Mrs. Frank J. Gould, who really started the pyjama parades at Juan les Pins three seasons ago, and who since then has led the fashions in pyjamas, has now in preparation a number of designs for the winter, and is already wearing pyjamas of a loosely woven white material with large grey designs and a scarf to match. These woollen pyjamas are distinct from the ski variety which last winter became so popular on the ski-ing grounds of the Riviera mountains. The ski pyjama was very loose and of a heavier material with a sailor or pea-jacket effect, and not so flowing in its outlines as the beach suit, partly because the jacket had to be made for warmth and the trousers at the bottom had to be tucked into the boots.

BIARRITZ is tremendously excited over the Prince of Wales's visit, and the streets are full of young men in grey flannel suits and turn-down Panama hats (ever since the Prince wore one of these instead of his usual beret on the Chiberta golf links). Along the crowded main road, from Bayonne to Biarritz, groups of people wait all day in the hope of seeing the black Burney car go by. Just lately the Prince has been golfing more at Hossegor than at Biarritz, for he fully appreciates the really extra good course to be found there; and also even his wonderful patience has been almost exhausted by the mob of photographers who have been following him round at Chiberta.

TO get to the Hossegor links the Prince has only to slip out of the back gates of the lovely old château and walk along the seashore to the course, a very much easier trip than a drive of some twelve or fourteen kilometres through Bayonne. The other evening the Prince, with a party which included Lord Ednam and Major Metcalfe and his wife, dined at the Palais Hotel in Biarritz previous to the big charity gala which everyone went to.

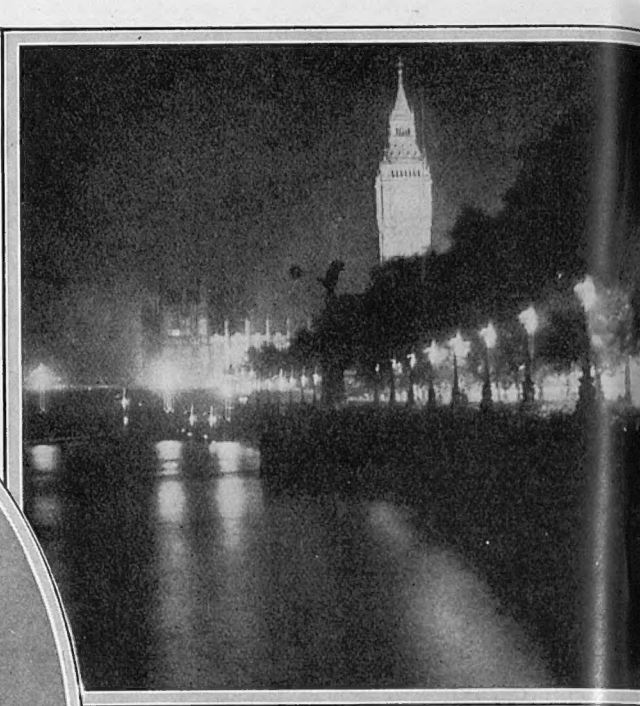
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is getting almost as peripatetic as Mr. Jim Lawrence or Mayor Walker. You never know where any of the trio is at a given moment. Mayor Walker has shot all round the Continent, by way of Berlin, Cannes and Paris. Mr. Churchill, last seen in Biarritz, is now testing the delights of Juan-les-Pins—or was last week. Where Mr. Lawrence is I do not pretend to know.

BUT who, may I enquire with all due sincerity, is Mrs. Bolton Philips, of London? Whoever she is she has just won the gold cup offered by Mrs. Frank Jay Gould for the most elegant woman at Juan-les-Pins. Mr. Churchill was a guest of Baron Rothschild when the presentation was made, and so was Miss Florence Walton and Mr. Gordon Walker.

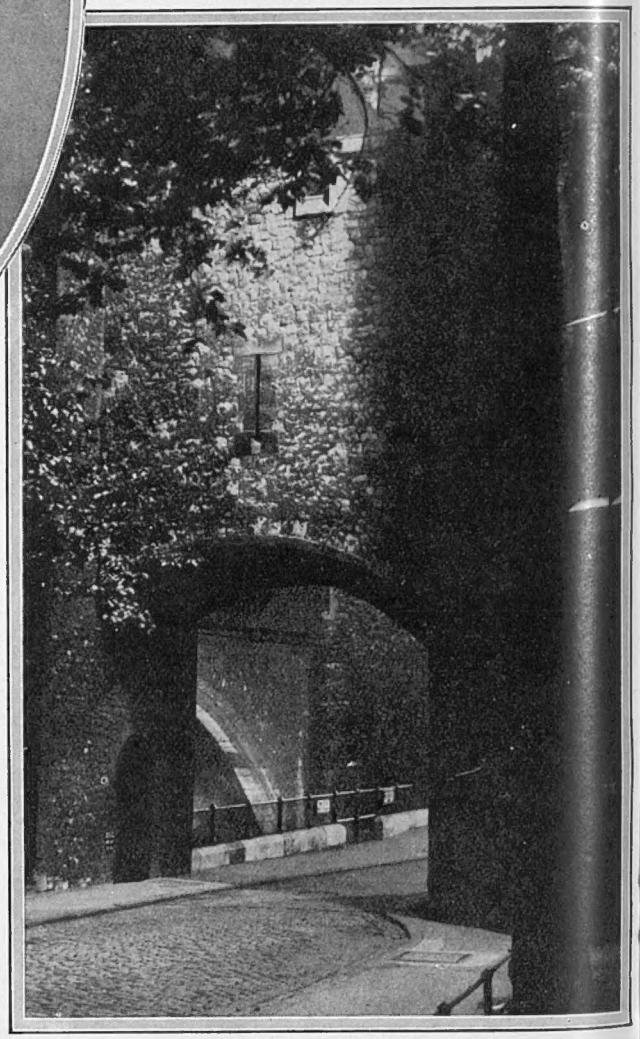
Lenare

Miss Jean Stella Ferguson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Ferguson, of Albert Court, S.W., and Garlands, Rudwick, Sussex, who is to marry Mr. William Eldon Tucker, of New Cavendish Street, the well-known Rugby International, at the Scottish Church, St. Columba, Pont Street, W., on October 1 next

AIX-LES-BAINS'S season has been persistently successful. Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., is there, so, too, are the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Tollemache and Commander and Mrs. Dennis Larking, and Lady

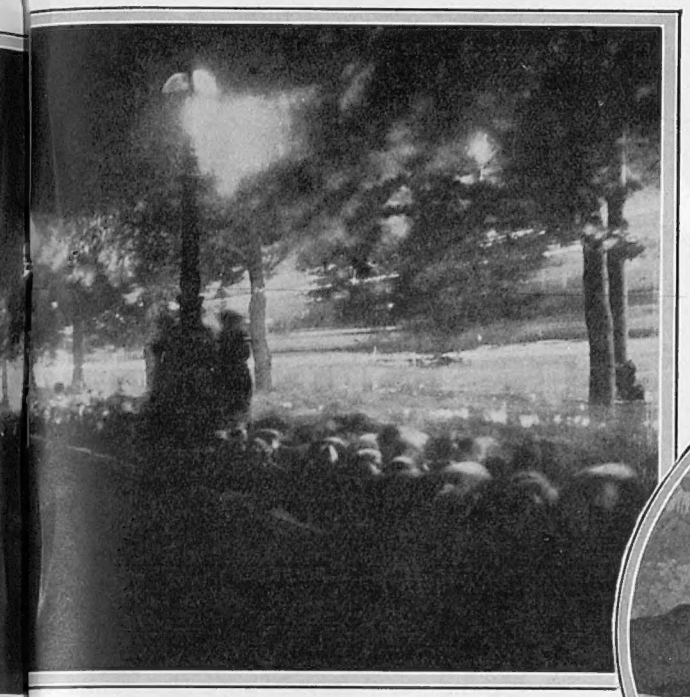


The huge crowds which gathered to witness the flood-lighting ment taken between Charing Cross and Westminster bridges. T Air Force Memori

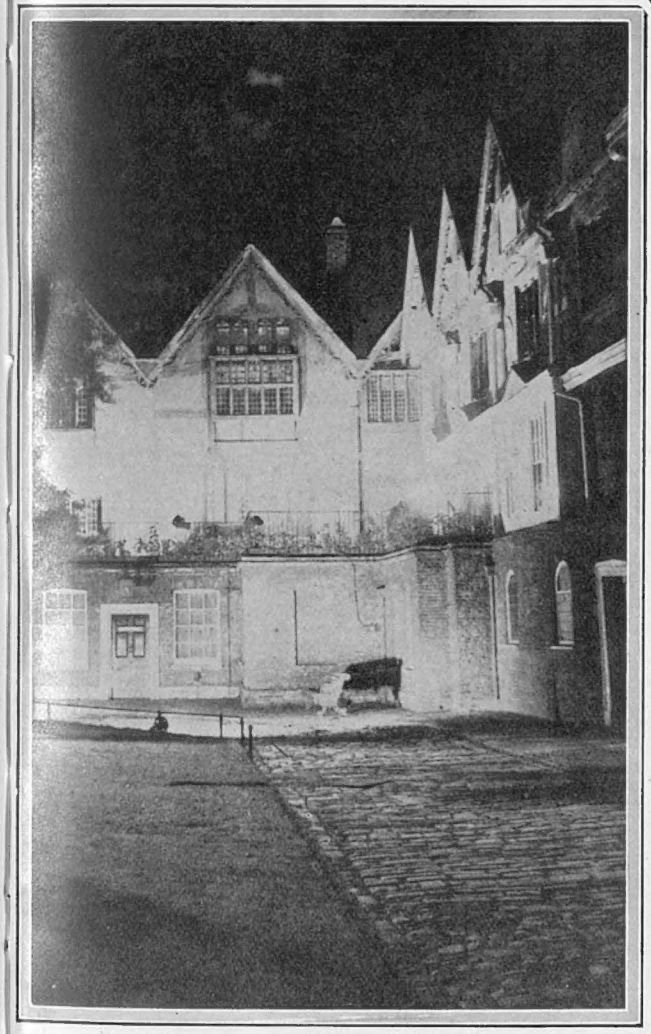


The Tower of London was also flood-lighted for the benefit of the public as well as the delegates of the International Illumination Congress. Above is the Wakefield Tower, with Traitor's Gate seen through the arch

LONDON'S LATEST FLOOD-LIGHT FEATURES



London will be observed in the above photograph of the Embank-
Clock Tower is in the background, while slightly to the left the
Thes seen in silhouette



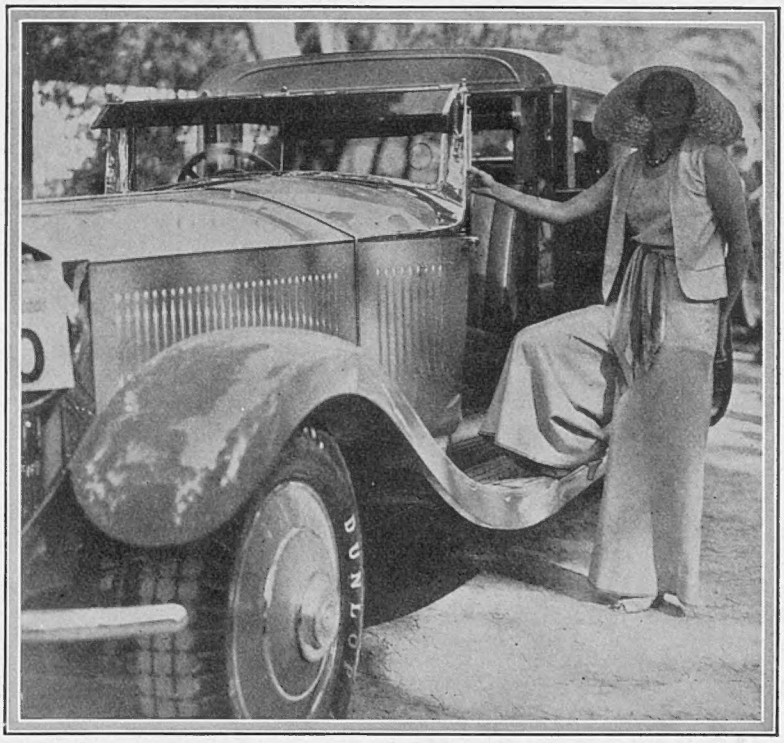
Another view of the Tower of London showing the King's House, upon which a new light is being shed. This form of illumination is so beautiful that it is to be hoped that it may be continued

Belper, and Lady Beauchamp, and M. Skirmunt, the Polish Ambassador in London. M. Skirmunt is a remarkable man. He seldom talks, and seldom laughs. But he smiles a good deal, and has a great reputation for enjoying music, and the other fine things in life.

S

Do you know who the German Commander-in-Chief is? Do you know, in fact, Von Hindenburg's successor? Well, he is Baron von Hammerstein, and, to prove Germany's complete lack of bellicosity

Miss Joyce Cooper, daughter of Sir Daniel and Lady Cooper, photographed at her parents' home with her fiancé, Mr. Hugh Leveson Gower, only son of Gen. Philip Leveson Gower and Mrs. Leveson Gower, of Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. It was Mr. Leveson Gower who, during the War, enabled the Sultan of Turkey to escape from his palace when threatened with assassination



A beautiful Englishwoman won the Grand Prix D'Honneur at Juan-les-Pins Concours D'Elégance—Mrs. Louis Beaumont, English by birth but American by marriage to Commodore Louis Beaumont, is seen by her Rolls-Royce. She and her husband entertain lavishly at their lovely villa at Eden Roc

SOCIETY ABROAD AND LORD BEAVERBROOK'S RETURN

these days, he is taking the grape cure at Wildbad. During the last few days he has been visited by Dr. Brüning, the German Chancellor, on his way to Stuttgart. This winter you will hear more, I am afraid, of Baron Hammerstein.

MONTE CARLO'S gaiety continues apace. At one of the gala dinners last week one could see the Dowager Lady Seafield, young Lady Seafield herself, Maurice Chevalier and his wife, Yvonne Vallée, whom I find more attractive even than her famous husband, Lady Orr-Lewis, Lord Caledon, Clifford Whitley, Sir Francis Towle, and Lady Brecknock; all these were dining at the (Summer) Sporting Club, which must not be confused with its more famous brother, the (Winter) Sporting Club.

MEANTIME, the indefatigable Rosita Forbes has carried her exploratory talents a distinct step farther by paying a visit to Brioni. Lord Claud Hamilton (the brother of the Duke of Abercorn) is also there, like Mrs. Carl Bendix and Serge Lifar. Brioni seems no longer to be the rendezvous of honeymooners. This year it has claims for the more sophisticated married women of some years' standing. But it remains as lovely as ever.

The Dowager Countess of Airlie photographed enjoying events at Glenisla Highland Gathering. Widow of the tenth Earl of Airlie, she is Lady of the Bedchamber to H.M. the Queen

LORD BEAVERBROOK signalled his return from Canada by throwing a floodlight on the absolute necessity of restoring public confidence. In a manifesto, as timely as necessary, the Crusader "Max" says that cutting the list of unemployed is better than cutting the dole. He appeals to Liberals in the Government to throw over their "obstinate Cobdenism" and help to erect a wide-flung tariff wall round the Empire as the greatest area of Free Trade attainable in this "wicked world of tariffs." This is what is called "horse" sense. There is no doubt to-day that the pendulum has swung round to tariffs among the working classes, even though their reasoning may be as simple as a working-class man said to me—"We've done so rottenly under Free Trade, let's give Tariff Reform a chance.'

THE situation is not ameliorated merely because another set of politicians have taken over office. To balance the Budget will not prevent the flight of the pound, now artificially maintained, by cuts in expenditure,

TWO RECENT WEDDINGS

Mr. Donald Maclean, son of Major A. D. Maclean, of Copperfield, Folkestone, and the late Mrs. Maclean, and Miss Valerie Cooper, only daughter of Major and Mrs. H. A. Cooper, of Kinlochlaich, Appin, who were married last week by the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, assisted by the Very Rev. G. P. Tonge, at Oban Cathedral

The wedding of Mr. Alexander Gilroy, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Gilroy, of Fingask, Errol, Perthshire, to Miss Thelma McClymont Tubbs, younger daughter of the late Mr. Cyril B. Tubbs, and of Mrs. Tubbs, of Thedden Grange, Alton, was recently celebrated at St. Mary's, Bentworth. The photograph shows bride and bridegroom leaving the church

HORSES IT WILL PAY TO FOLLOW

Catching them young at North Berwick. The annual competition for the Cree Medal for children under 14 at the Ladies' Course, North Berwick, was held last week, and, seen on the left, is little Miss Wendy Thomas driving off

(Below) Miss Helen Barr, the Scottish International lawn tennis player, with her fiancé, Mr. R. M. Turnbull, at North Berwick. The wedding takes place at Glasgow Cathedral on October 14

At Aix-les-Bains. H.H. the Aga Khan with Mrs. de Burgh, an excellent golfer with whom he had many exciting matches. The Aga Khan's handicap is nine

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

I pick on Lawson and Lambton as two trainers to follow at Doncaster. I am hopeful that a level stake on all their runners will show a profit.

BLACK JEWEL carried my limit at Lewes. The filly looked in fine fettle and she ran very gamely to finish second to Dodger. Looks a certain winner of a nursery.

PYRENE is a two-year-old in Gilpin's stable I mentioned earlier in the season. This is another reminder. We were unlucky not to pick up the odds of 10 to 1 at Derby, the filly being beaten by a head only. A sure money spinner before the end of the season.

BLUE ROCK started at 100 to 8 for the Portland Plate (five furlongs) at Derby but she was quietly fancied. Was short-headed at the finish after an exciting race. Follow up with confidence.

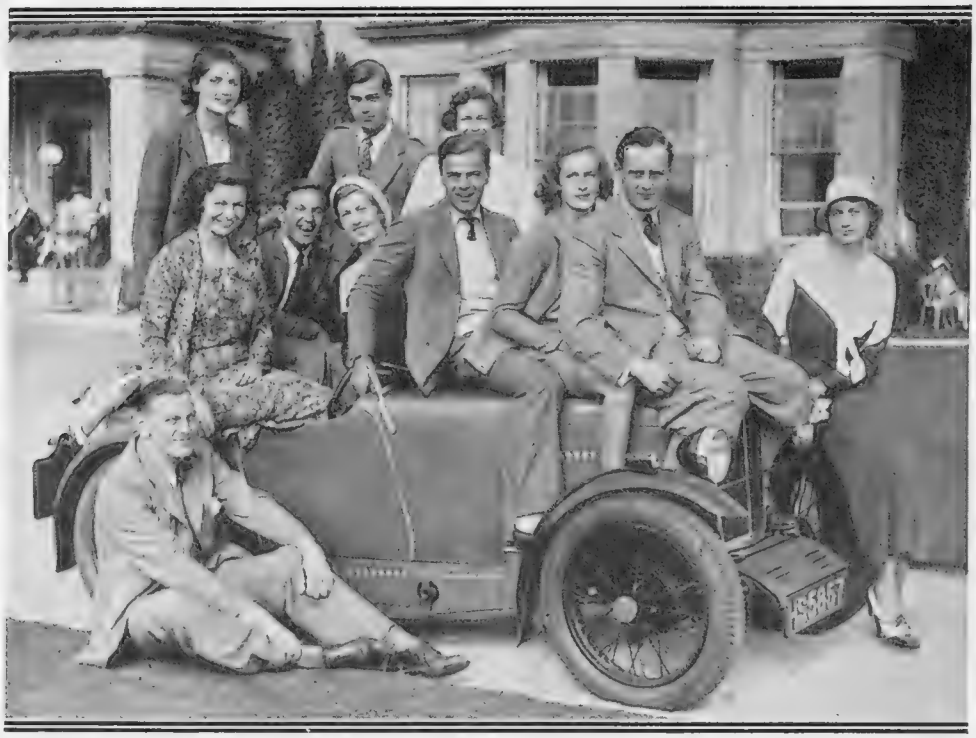
PARIS LEAVE was a late "springer" for a two-year-old selling plate at Derby. Was conspicuous throughout to finish third.

STAINLESS in a mile selling plate at Derby carried good money, but was beaten at the distance. The going was heavy. Note for a minor race in the North.

CALL GIRL, a well bred two-year-old, finished third behind the runaway Gela at Derby. Support each way for future races.

Mr. J. A. Dewar, who hopes to win the St. Leger with his horse Cameronian, which has already won the Derby and the Guineas. Freddie Fox will ride and Mr. Fred Darling is the trainer. Whether Mr. Dewar has secured the triple crown will be known this (Wednesday) afternoon

and by imposing further taxes. What is of the utmost urgency is to restrict our imports and expand our exports, and it can only be done if a tariff is imposed at once. If the National Government run away from this it seems inevitable that unemployment will be increased, and the world outside will realise that Cobdenism has won. If so, I do not believe the pound sterling can be artificially maintained. But the presence, of Mr. Snowden at the Treasury, as well as the failure of Mr. Baldwin to stick to his guns when he said recently that he would not enter any National Government unless the tariff was conceded, does not look promising. But we will hope for the best.



A cheery party at Gleneagles "shooting" a film: included in the group are Lord Beaverbrook's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell, seated on the end of the heavily laden car, and his son, the Hon. Max Aitken, in the centre

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

BELFAST double one-one-two . . . hello, Scotland speaking . . . hello . . . hello, Baa. . . . Yes, it's Moo . . . what's left of me . . . I got here last night. . . . What a journey. . . . I flew from Paris . . . and was so sick. . . . Scotland feels cold after the South . . . and in more ways than one . . . the intrigues of the Riviera would warm anyone! . . .

* * *

YES . . . Perthshire . . . and very gay we are . . . the Beattys have a party at Grantully Castle. . . . Mathew Wilson . . . and Lord Cochrane . . . whom everyone knows as Cockie . . . and who has remained a bachelor for many years in spite of every form and kind of bait . . . and, of course, Borodale . . . no one ever stops speculating whom he will marry! . . .

* * *

AT Kinloch . . . the Devonports are full up . . . Lord Joicey . . . the Hutchinsons and lots of others. . . . We were arguing last night as to the best grouse-shots . . . and the Northern votes all seem to go to Arthur Bassett and his son Ronnie . . . they had the famous Strathovan moor for years, and, of course, Arthur is well known on the turf. . . .

* * *

TELL me, dear . . . what is happening chez-vous? . . . Was the fête at Mount Stewart amusing? . . . Of course, the Londonderrys are good organisers . . . and the Infantas . . . Beatriz and Maria Cristina, are so popular . . . everyone seems to find them so charming and unaffected, but they haven't their mother's beauty, sad to say. . . . I don't like Lady Londonderry riding astride . . . it makes me sigh for the dignity and smartness of the old-fashioned habit. . . .

* * *

THE Londonderrys have taken longer than many of the old families to renounce exclusivness and ceremony, but they have succumbed at last. . . . It seems sad . . . people used to fight for their invitations, and weep when they did not arrive. . . .

* * *

OH! I must tell you, Baa, I saw such an amusing idea before I left Cannes . . . a girl dressed in a very plain chiffon dress carried a large handkerchief bordered with real flowers . . . it was so attractive, and nicer than bracelets and necklaces. . . . Talking of handkerchiefs, I hear that one . . . heavily initialed . . . is entirely responsible for a pending divorce case . . . really people are careless where they leave things. . .

* * *

SARAH LOUISA entertained us after the christening at Greenham . . . her mother Christina Erskine, is the adopted daughter of Harry Baxendale, who originally owned Newbury racecourse. . . . Sarah has the Duke of Argyll for one godfather. . . . Another who has "promised and vowed" during this last week is Irene Ravensdale, for "Dominic Bede Evelyn" . . Simon Elwes' son . . . poor boy, what a time he will have at school. . . . However, I think on the whole that the vogue for extraordinary names has passed. . . . I wonder what Yvonne de Rothschild will call her son. . . .

* * *

PARTRIDGE shooting has begun, Baa, dear. . . . What will the Cunningham-Reids get at Six Mile Bottom after having the record bag last year? . . . The Prince of Wales often shoots at Laverstoke . . . Wyndham Portal's place . . . which is, of course, famous . . . and the Cobbolds are generally fortunate in Suffolk. . . . The new Lord Knutsford, although he is seventy-six, still holds the reputation for being one of the best partridge shots in England. . . . He is so wonderful at training his Labradors, too . . . with a different note on a whistle he directs them . . . and also gives them most complicated orders. . . .

* * *

DARLING, have you heard about the scene in Biarritz over a Midget car between two well-known married couples? . . . The whole place is in a state of excitement as to who was in the right . . . and who will eventually win. . . . There were one or two awful rows in the South before I left. . . . There is too little to do in the sun all day, I'm afraid . . . so somebody's young man and somebody's wife, but you can guess.

* * *

I HEAR Ali Khan rode very well at Lewes when his horse, Lights o' London, won . . . last year the betting was five to one *on* . . . that he would marry one of the prettiest debutantes . . . she also caused much excitement this season. . . . However, the punters lost. . . .

* * *

DARLING, I must go; I'm just off to fish the Brora. . . . I expect I shall see the Chaplins, who are at Uppat . . . and very likely Betty Butler if she is at Dunrobin, Bless you!

ON GULLANE BEACH

The monarch of the beach surveys his empire and wonders if the water will be warm enough for a dip

BY STARR WOOD

The Voice from the Ether: "*You have just heard Professor Holland on the theory of music*"

AT THE PLAY

THE NINETEEN THIRTIES and the NAUGHTY

"Counsel's Opinion," at the Strand

I DO not know what the disciplinary committee of the Law Society—or whatever body it is which looks after the morals of barristers—will say to Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, but I should think that they would pass on this dramatist, who has written *Counsel's Opinion,* a vote of censure at the least.

WHY? Well, in this play an elderly peer, with a solicitor brother who must have fixed the appointment, has a consultation with a young, good-looking barrister, and asks his opinion as to whether he (the Peer) has sufficient grounds for bringing an action for divorce against his wife. The barrister, believing that the unknown co-respondent would be himself, at once decides that there is no case against the lady! Fiat Justicia ruat cœlum; which, being freely translated, means in this case that a barrister should lie like a trooper to get himself out of a difficulty!

AS a matter of fact, the barrister was entirely innocent. Stopping in a London hotel on his return from a holiday in Italy, he, with the determination of a Mussolini, sternly forbade anyone else to share his suite, even though, thanks to a fancy-dress ball inside the hotel and a dense fog outside, the revellers were clamorously demanding beds for the night.

Honour satisfied! Lord Mere (Allan Aynesworth), centre, and his solicitor brother, Willock (Morton Selten), left, find that Lady Mere was not the lady in the proposed divorce case, Leslie (Isabel Jeans) being found someone quite different, to the joy of Logan (Owen Nares)

Logan (Owen Nares) sharing a suite with Leslie (Isabel Jeans), loses his breakfast but not his honour to her

THE maître d'hôtel, who had suggested that someone might be allowed to have a shake-down in the sitting-room of the barrister's suite, was told, in more classical language, to go and boil his face, but when a charming creature, dressed in the fashion of Charles II, entered, the barrister's Mussolini-like methods weakened appreciably.

Indeed, so weak he became in the hands of wheedling woman, that finally it was the lady who occupied the comfortable bed and the tired traveller who spent a cold and comfortless night on the sitting-room sofa.

UNLUCKILY, the barrister was seen leaving the room next morning, and it was for this reason that a perturbed peer called upon the barrister, as related previously, and talked about divorce. When I add that at this fancy-dress ball all the women were in Charles II costume you will see how the dramatist gets his barrister free of his difficulty. Here Mr. Gilbert Wakefield has taken the obvious line of least resistance, and I think he might have given a more subtle twist to his plot in order to make his ending not so obvious.

BUT, obvious as the dénouement is, one can enjoy this play from start to finish, for there are some very funny folk in it, and it is written with wit and humour. The pompous peer, played with superb dignity by Allan Aynesworth, is most amusing, but not more so than the solicitor brother, in which part Morton Selten is a perpetual joy. The fruity voice, the humorous twinkling eye, and the profound contempt he has for his brother's pomposity, all go to make up a character which, while causing the heartiest laughter, is never out of the key of comedy.

Leslie (Isabel Jeans) conducted to the is

NINETIES By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "COUNSEL'S OPINION," AT THE STRAND THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

During a dispute between Lord Mere (Allan Aynesworth), centre, and Willock (Morton Selten), left, Logan (Owen Nares) almost confesses to an indiscretion of which he was not guilty, my lord

FOR the love interest there are Owen Nares and Isabel Jeans, who are not one whit behindhand in playing the more serious characters with delicate touches of humour. Throughout the evening they bandy about the shuttlecock of wit, and never once let it drop; and the somewhat artificial method of Isabel Jeans makes a pleasing contrast to the earnestness of Owen Nares, who fully realises that the more serious he is the more funny he appears. Ronald Simpson, Robert Rendel, and Cyril Smith make much of subsidiary parts, while Margaret Baird, as a short-sighted lady's-maid, adds to the enjoyment.

"The Naughty Nineties," at the Criterion

THE title of this play by E. Savage Graham and Ronald Simpson, is "writ sarcastic," for the 'nineties are pictured as extremely prim and proper, but it seems to me that the authors have got muddled up in their dates, and have written a comedy which in thought, word, and feeling belongs to a far earlier period.

sitting room of his suite by Logan (Owen Nares), who the soul of rectitude

THE 'nineties were not prim and proper, and no family with a middle-aged father would that any decent woman would be taken to dinner at the Hotel Continental, which, situated in Lower Regent Street, was a resort for prostitutes. That age may not have been prim and proper, but it knew where to draw the line.

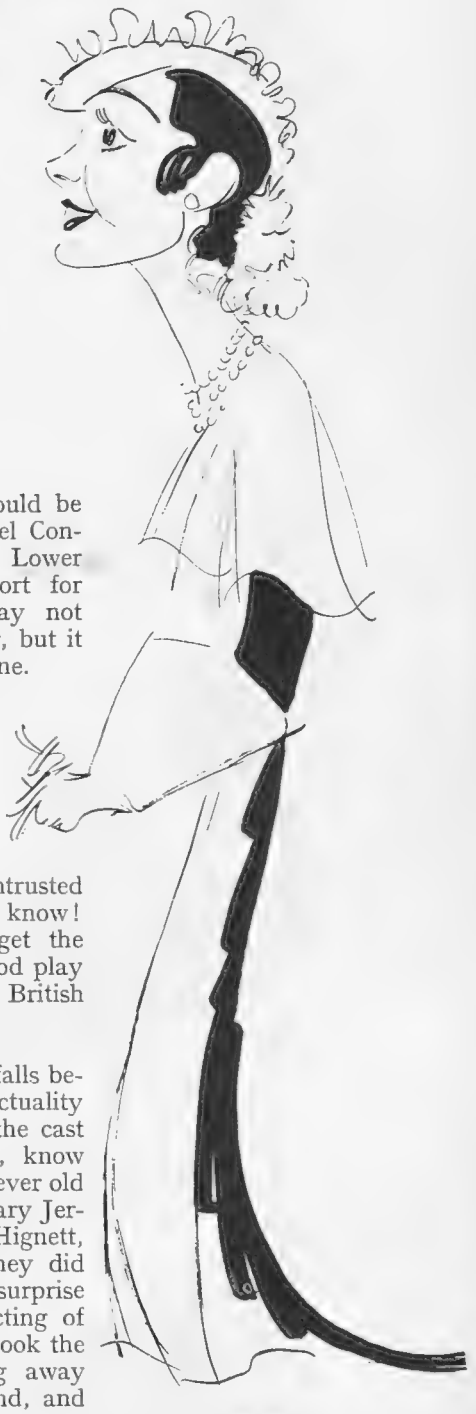
BUT it is not only the authors who are at fault, but the designer of the scenery and dresses, Mr. Michael Weight, who was not even born in the 'nineties, so why he was entrusted with the job I really don't know! Believe me, you cannot get the right atmosphere for a period play by research work in the British Museum!

STILL this comedy, which falls between the two stools of actuality and satire, gives some of the cast a chance. We, of course, know what to expect from such clever old friends as Nigel Playfair, Mary Jerrold, Dora Gregory, H. R. Hignett, and Helen Ferrers, and they did not fail us; but to me the surprise of the evening was the acting of Thea Holme as a girl who took the wrong turning by running away from a middle-aged husband, and who brought to the part not only beauty but a keen intelligence, which augurs well for her future.

V. W.

talk as the authors have made the Wilders converse in their home at Henley-on-Thames. Such thoughts, words, and feelings are as out of place as the side-whiskers on Père Wilder's face, which are also a relic of an earlier age.

IT is also proof of the authors' ignorance of the 'nineties when they suggest



In this very modern play Leslie (Isabel Jeans) appears in some very, very modern frocks, and this is one of them

MARRIAGE NON-COMPANIONATE

Mrs. Dickson-Leghorn is seated in her drawing-room. That is to say she is seated at an angle of 45° on an incline of steel and leather. Everything else in the room is at an angle of 45°, that angle, in the opinion of Ignatius Goff, the famous interior decorator, who designed the room, being the best expression of perfect psychological and numerological harmony and representing the ultimate concentric in mind fixation. In short, quite a modern room. Mrs. Dickson-Leghorn is reading Bertrand Russell, Wyndham Lewis (the philosopher and artist, not the philosopher and wit), Claud Bechtel ("Marriage Madder") and Freud. Not simultaneously, you understand, but almost. Her husband enters. He is the eminent professor of psychology and eugenics. He has just returned from a lecture tour.

MRS. DICKSON-LEGHORN: Hello, Harry. You're earlier than I expected. And how glad I am you're back. Come and kiss me again. A good time? You had a magnificent press.

MR. DICKSON-LEGHORN: Not so bad. Leeds was the worst, Manchester the best. Those Yorkshiremen are so d——d reactionary. Is Cecile in?

SHE: Didn't you get my last letter?

HE: The last I had you said the young man seemed flabbergasted and our daughter was in mild revolt.

SHE: They changed their minds.

HE: You—you mean, they've gone away?

SHE: You sound extremely alarmed.

HE: I—well, well, after all, she is our daughter.

SHE: My heaven, Harry! This from you! This from the famous Professor Dickson-Leghorn, Doctor of Philosophy, Lecturer in Eugenics, advocate of Companionate Marriage——

HE: Tut-tut, my dear, companionate marriage is only a safeguard. I have never said it is an infallible insurance against unhappiness. Naturally I am anxious for Cecile.

SHE: You amaze me, Harry, but then I always did suspect you of being a sentimentalist at heart. If it is not a success Cecile will return here and be saved from an unhappy marriage.

HE: Cecile seemed very fond of him.

SHE: Whatever has come over you, Harry? As if fondness were sufficient for married happiness! For years you and I have declaimed against superficial romantic attachments, against the flames of chance love as the basis of the marriage hearth, and now with your own daughter you contradict everything.

HE: Cecile is only twenty-one. At that age instinctive feelings are difficult to subdue to reason.

SHE: We have always taught Cecile the wisdom of not marrying with the heart alone.

HE: Youth is always handicapped by hereditary intuitions.

SHE: Parental, you mean. And from your side.

HE: Tell me about the young man.

SHE: He came to see me the day after you left on your lecture tour. Good-looking, eager to be liked, well-off, twenty-four and ingenuous, exceedingly ingenuous.

HE: Son of a banker you told me.

SHE: Yes, it's a Yorkshire family. His father is a director of the Connaught Bank. At the moment he is earning fifteen hundred a year, but, as I told him, it was not only his financial resources we were concerned with, but his qualifications of compatibility to Cecile's character. Then I asked him if he had lived with her.

HE: Oh, you—er thought that necessary?

SHE: I then said I did not know how two people could possibly wish to marry without knowing each other. That the fugitive acquaintance of a few dances and dinners was insufficient grounds to marry anybody.

HE: To which he replied?

SHE: "But I love your daughter, Mrs. Dickson-Leghorn. I want to marry her."

HE: Poor fellow. You must have given him a shock.

SHE: I told him we should never give our consent to the marriage until he went away with Cecile and they had proved their mutual affection. I said that when Cecile married we hoped it would be in the certainty of having found a lifetime companion. Divorce is no solution to unhappy marriage, I told him.

HE: Yes, that's about one thing Leeds agreed to. The husbands taking it that their transgressions should be forgiven them and the wives that their husbands would never transgress.

SHE: Quentin Service—that is the young man's name—asked if we had taken Cecile's feelings into account. I told him we had been as candid with her as with him. That it rested in the hands of them both. If, after a month or more together, they still wished to marry, then we should be most happy to give our consent.

HE: What of Cecile?

SHE: Horror-struck that I had told the young man. It took me some time to bring her to reason. She seems to have inherited all your sentimentality.

HE: It is never easy to escape the tyranny of our emotions.

SHE: I think you sometimes encourage ours. Anyway, Cecile and Quentin left on Tuesday.

HE: To-day is Saturday. You have not heard from her?

SHE: Yes, a telegram. Two words: "Still happy."

HE: I'm glad about that, anyway.

SHE: Oh, I don't know. We shouldn't be too optimistic over the first experiment.

A maid enters with the evening papers. Mr. Dickson-Leghorn picks one up and glances at it.

HE: Gracious! Listen to this! "Secret Marriage of Banker's Son. Five-day-old Register Office Ceremony Now Revealed. Bride the Daughter of Well-known Advocate of Companionate Marriage."

SHE: What wicked deception! I would never have believed it of Cecile. And I suppose you're glad.

HE: I don't suppose it was Cecile's fault. I'm sure she tried to observe your wishes. It's young Service. He's a Yorkshireman. He was determined to marry her. We should have guessed it all along.

RICHARD VINER.

BY RIDGEWELL

"Garçon!"
"Oui, madame?"
"I'm convinced you've given us foreign œufs"

BY BARRIBAL

COQUETTE

When I perceive your holder, I
Am jealous, I cannot deny,
For though you always say me *nay*
Your lips embrace that *all the day!*

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

C.F.H.1006

BY WILL OWEN

"POACHED EGG AN' STEP ON IT!"

if Sossip we must

By Frank Ford

"Your husband's a poor sailor, I fear"
"Indeed he's not. He's a very wealthy financier"

THE attack on the National Government on the part of the Socialist Rump and the organ which supports it (the latter during these momentous weeks is indulging in behaviour similar to that of the chameleon which was placed on a Scots tartan) grows in virulence and pettiness. That was, of course, to be expected. For the opposition is dictated to solely by the T.U.C., and the claim that it stands for the poor and the out-of-work who are to bear the whole of the burden (they will not do anything of the sort) is mere eye-wash of a peculiarly canting type.

Some of the attacks, however, are so silly that they are likely to lose even the vote-catching power for which they are launched. Mr. Ernest Bevin, for instance, declares that the National Government was called into being in order to save four private bankruptcies in London, "the price it was asked to pay being the standard of living of the people."

DOES Mr. Bevin seriously think that that is the case, or that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Mr. Snowden, however much he detests them now, are the sort of men to countenance an action of this type? Of course he does not.

But Mr. Bevin's close associate is Mr. Citrine, who, as General Secretary of the T.U.C., had a shot at governing the country the other day, and who, if the Socialists in opposition had had their way, would now be pulling all the strings. That would have been great fun, for Mr. Citrine not long ago visited Russia, and in the *Sunday Worker* (a violently Communist organ) declared that "the wise administration of the Soviet Republic intends to bring a new happiness and comfort to its citizens." Would he have been able "to bring a new happiness and comfort" to ourselves on similar lines? The answer's a Citrine.

ANOTHER shot at the unfortunate Ramsay MacDonald comes from one Laski, who in the Socialist organ makes the Saturday Sabbath ring with an Oriental screech to the effect that the Premier has handed over effective command of the ship of State "to men for whom its destruction is a paramount political consideration."

Does he mean Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain? Or does he put down among the scuttlers of the ship their colleague in the Cabinet, Lord Sankey, who has just declared, like Mr. Micawber, that he never, never will desert the Labour Party? If so, the position is a little awkward, for it is not many years since Mr. Laski dedicated a political lecture to "my friend Mr. Justice Sankey, with enduring affection." That was shortly before he congratulated the Leyton Labour Party "on its resistance to the decree that Leyton children should salute the Union Jack on Empire Day." The spirit of patriotism, my stout little Bolshies, the spirit of patriotism!

MEANWHILE, the "national opposition," as they call themselves, are paying great attention to studied negligence in the matter of dress. Mr. Clynes is photographed at the seaside without a collar—and is now, of course, without a portfolio either. Perhaps we may pass that by on the grounds that, as the late Mark Sheridan used to sing: "You can do a lot of things at the seaside that you can't do in town." But it is in London that Mr. A. J. Cook wears a scarf round

"GOOD COMPANIONS" IN AMERICA

Vera Lennox (left) and Norah Wyn Clare waving farewell at Waterloo. They are taking the parts of Susie Dean and Elsie respectively in the production of "Good Companions" in America. Thirteen other members of this English company crossed the Atlantic in the hope of making this adaptation of J. B. Priestley's novel as popular in the U.S.A. as it is in London

ART AND FRIED FISH

Biblical paintings in a fried fish shop are something of a rarity, but they can be found in Kensington, where Mr. Lionel Ellis is seen above decorating the walls. It is due to this combined fish-fresco scheme that the shop is patronised by members of society not usually recognised among the fish and chips brigade. While Mr. Ellis is painting the proprietor of the shop can be seen in the inner room preparing potatoes, while at the table a customer is enjoying the fruit of his handiwork

his neck instead of a collar, and dozens more Labour notabilities appear deliberately to seek notoriety through the negligence in dress that is supposed to be in harmony with their political championship of the bottom dog. It is nothing of the sort. It is an inverted political snobbery of the most irritating type, closely akin to the inverted intellectual snobbery which leads a man to suppose that it is impossible for anyone to have any knowledge of art or literature who has not, at the age of twelve, saved up pennies out of his nothing a week in order to buy books to read when not in the mine. Men who have acquired knowledge in this way are much to be admired; but lord, how I wish that knowledge did not go to their heads and puff them up with an arrogance that makes them intolerable in any form of discussion!

And for the Government. Unlike Mrs. Dombey, they should make an effort and not rely too much on such popularity as must inevitably accrue from the peculiarly caddish and unpatriotic attacks on them. As I write, nothing has been heard of tariffs (except, curiously enough, from the opposition). Did Mr. Baldwin even mention tariffs as part of the understanding by which he supported Ramsay MacDonald as Premier? Had he done so it would not have been a question of mere party bargaining, but of national emergency. For the dole cut, necessary as it is, cannot result in the saving of more than a very few millions at most. Taxes have almost reached a point at which they can go no farther without resulting in a decreased revenue, in still greater ruin, and in increased unemployment. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that that point has already been reached.

It is not a case of needlessly pessimistic wailing to repeat that the state of the country, both industrially and agriculturally, is pretty dire. We

THE MAN WHO MADE THE A.A.

Mr. Stenson Cooke, the popular and cheery secretary of the Automobile Association, which, when it was founded 26 years ago, numbered only ninety members. To-day there are over 400,000, and the income of the Association is nearly a million sterling

THE POPULARITY OF ESTORIL

Estoril bids fair to become one of Europe's most popular holiday haunts, and a new casino has lately been opened to add to its attractions. The building is a fine specimen of modern architecture, and at the inaugural celebrations four hundred people sat down to dinner. Amongst those present were the Duchess of Westminster, to be seen seated on the left in the top photograph of the lounge, with the Duke of Westminster (standing) talking to the German Minister. Below are Colonel Linhares de Lima, Portuguese Minister for Agriculture, at dinner, accompanied by his wife

are not down and out, and we shall rise to success again as surely as to-morrow's sun will rise. But for the moment things are—bad. The plight of the farmers is terrible; tens of thousands of acres are getting foul because farmers cannot afford to stock them. Only tariffs can really help the farmer, and these must come quickly. But as a temporary and perfectly simple expedient by way of, at any rate, a palliative, I would suggest National Produce Markets. Even without Protection produce markets would help the farmer. They are simple to work, of immense benefit to the consumer, and are a long-established success in France, Italy, and Germany. A detail? Possibly. But a man likes to have a cut finger bandaged, even if he is also suffering from double pneumonia and a broken leg.

NATIONAL effort will save us. And now for a case of individual effort. I have just been reading a little book that I found both absorbing and inspiring. It is called "This Motoring," and it is written by Stenson Cooke, the famous—no, the world-famous—secretary of the Automobile Association. The author not only has great organising ability—that is obvious when one considers that the A.A., which is his "baby," started with ninety members and £100 in the bank, and has now over 430,000 members with an annual income of about a million sterling. He also knows how to write. That "Prologue" is a delicately dramatic piece of work. It is sentimental in the best sense without being at all mawkish. I can only advise all my readers, both those who are motorists and those who cannot tell a motor car from a baked-potato can, to read that "Prologue." If they do, they will assuredly read the rest of the book, and enjoy it just as much, for although it deals with the history of motoring for over twenty-five years, it is really a thrilling story, not merely to the motorist but to the world at large.

By Molly Bishop

OVERHEARD AT JUAN-LES-PINS

"My people simply wouldn't hear of it"
"Well, don't let them!"

THE Automobile Association had to fight down prejudice with tact and discretion. Its patrols were responsible for the defeat of the police policy to track motorists' technical evasions of the law, and so angry were the police that they practised most vindictive methods, and for a time the A.A. was described by Benches and magistrates as the "illegal association." In a sense Stenson Cooke's book, "This Motoring," is an epic, and will be undoubtedly largely read by a big public, in addition to members of what is to-day in a sense a wonderful brotherhood, mainly of sportsmen who stand shoulder to shoulder to help one another.

I HAVE just returned from Ireland, and as one of the 430,000 members, I do

"READY!"

"GET SET"

PAMPERING THE PEDESTRIAN
(With no apologies to Oxford Street)

"GO!"

ALL CHANGE

Writing in the "Daily Mail" recently, Alan Parsons complained that many leading players were never allowed to appear in any other types of parts than those in which they have won fame.

OH, Thespians, refuse to play
The same old parts from day to day,
But prove your independence and
Make all producers understand
That, since you want to save your souls,
They must give you a change of rôles.
Then Robey as the "Gloomy Dane"
Would prove a riot at the Lane
With Nellie Wallace as the star
Who plays poor mad Ophelia.

Think how the "gods" would madly cheer
To see Tallulah B. appear
In simple little dress of grey
As Mary Rose so shy and fey—
Although I'm sure that she'd be fine
As any Barrie heroine.
And Allan Aynesworth doubtless would
Prove able to make very good
And be no feeble "also-ran"
Were he to play, say, Caliban.

How happy should we all be when
That powerful tragedienne,
Miss Rosie Dolly thrilled the house
When she appeared as Macbeth's spouse.
Or Kenneth Kove put on a show,
And cast himself for Romeo.
But there are some well known indeed
("No name, no pack drill" is my creed)
Whom we should dearly love to see
Cast just for "Cheering Off: Act III"!

B. W.

not know how to thank the A.A. sufficiently for their assistance. They arranged everything on the steamer, and you cannot strike the most deserted and out-of-the-way wilds of Western Connemara or County Kerry without being in touch with A.A. signs and specially prepared local information. It is the most marvellous organisation in the world, all for two guineas a year, thanks very largely to Stenson Cooke.

FEW tears need be wasted over *Midnight Love*, an egregiously silly and unfunny farce which has had an ingloriously short career at the Savoy. But it brings me to this question of flowers at first-nights. On this occasion the flowers were horribly suggestive of a funeral; for we all knew that the death of this hapless little play was not far off.

DOROTHY BOYD *Janet Jevons*

The attractive young actress now playing Barbara Olwell in "Apron Strings" at the Vaudeville Theatre, a part previously played by Ursula Jeans, who has migrated a few yards westward to appear in "Grand Hotel" at the Adelphi

JOAN BARRY IN A BRITISH PICTURE

"Rich and Strange," B.I.P.'s latest production. The scene shows Emily and Fred, played by Joan Barry and Henry Kendall, starting on their world tour, during which they have so many adventures that they rejoice in returning to a suburban home

Another picture of Joan Barry as Emily in "Rich and Strange," a film adaptation of the novel of the same name by Dale Collins. This picture has been directed at Elstree by Alfred Hitchcock, the well-known English producer

A scene from "Maltese Falcon," at the Regal, showing pursues a statuette called the Maltese Falcon, which brings and intrigues Sam Spade (Ricardo Cortez),

FILMS FEATURED AT THE REGAL

"Why Change Your Husband," another picture showing at the Regal, in which Winnie Lightner plays a vamp and exercises her powers on a bathing-suit manufacturer while her two ex-husbands on the right recall how they were caught. Claude Gillingwalter, Chic Johnson and Ole Olsen will be recognised in the picture

Bébé Daniels as Ruth Wonderly, the woman of mystery who death and destruction in its train. Her behaviour puzzles who is taking notes on the left

Lesley Wareing, the daughter of the well-known theatrical impresario, Mr. Alfred Wareing, who plays a leading part in "Hobson's Choice," directed by Thomas Bentley. She has been discovered by B.I.P., who gave her a twelve months' contract on the spot

THE MULATTO HUE IN THE MAKING

Mrs. Dudley, an English entrant in "La Vénus de Bronze" competition at Juan-les-Pins, a first favourite and winner of the first prize

A competition was lately held at Juan-les-Pins entitled "La Vénus de Bronze" for the most beautifully tanned skin. The final competitors are here seen lining up for scrutiny by the judges, who vetoed any chemical preparation

Letting the sun bronze the body. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Nunn, Miss Margaret Woolf, and Mrs. Lehmann basking on the beach at Biarritz

"Oiling up!" The group includes (left to right) Mr. Neville Bland, attached to the British Embassy at Brussels, Mr. Hanbury-Williams, Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, formerly Princess Troubetsky, and Miss Bland at Antibes

The sea not having been oily, Lord Portarlington anoints himself after a swim at Eden Roc

LATEST THEATRICAL SUCCESSES (SPECIAL FOUR-PAGE FEATURE)

"THE CASE of the FRIGHTENED LADY," at WYNDHAM'S

Is not this scene from the above play enough to frighten the most strong-minded heroine? Lady Lebanon (Cathleen Nesbitt) is mounting the stairs, and her strange behaviour towards the girl her son is about to marry—the frightened lady of the title—is likely to give an audience the shudders, too! And what part do those tough American footmen (Finlay Currie and Percy Parsons) play in the two murders which have already been committed? The answer to this question is—a secret until you go to Wyndham's, as you should, and discover for yourself. This is one of several plays to which the public are flocking

PLAYING TO BIG HOUSES—THE THEATR

"COUNSEL'S OPINION," AT THE STRAND

A review of which appears on page 532, gives many chances to Isabel Jeans and Owen Nares, seen above, to show that comedy acting is by no means a lost art on the English stage. The lady pulls counsel's leg with unfailing grace, and counsel accepts the attention with great good humour

"THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY," AT WYNDHAM'S

Emlyn Williams as Lord Lebanon and W. Cronin Wilson as Chief Detective Inspector Tanner in almost the final, and assuredly the most thrilling, scene in the play

Fun is not forgotten by Edgar Wallace in his "The Case of the Frightened Lady," at Wyndham's, and here we have the member of the cast who is the chief cause of mirth—Gordon Harker as Sergeant Totty, who can play patience though possessing none, and whose back-chat to his superiors is always a trump card

TRE ONCE MORE A REAL ATTRACTION

"THE MIDSHIPMAID," AT THE SHAFTESBURY

In a variety entertainment staged on a battleship the performing horse, hind legs by Michael Shepley and front legs by D. J. Williams (who can be clearly recognised), causes much laughter, but not more than the performance of Able Seaman Pook (A. W. Baskcomb), whose face here registers both pain and disgus

se of the member of Sergeant nd whose

'THE YOUNG IDEA," AT THE ST MARTIN'S

Ten years ago young Noel Coward wrote "The Young Idea," and its revival proves that it still retains its youth. The picture shows Cecil Parker as George Brent and Iris Hoey as Jennifer, husband and wife who parted and whom their children wish to bring together again

Of course there is a heroine in "The Midshipmaid," and the title part is played by Jane Baxter, who looks much too attractive to be the daughter of a pompous and Paul Prying M.P., as she is in this most amusing farce

A PLAY OF NOTE—AND OF NOTES

"WALTZES FROM VIENNA," AT THE ALHAMBRA

A scene from this super-spectacular musical play showing (left to right) Countess Olga Baranskaja (Marie Burke), Johann Strauss, Jun. (Robert Halliday), Johann Strauss, Sen. (C. V. France) and Therese Ebeseder (Evelyn Herbert). Papa Strauss is telling his son that there is only one way to compose waltzes, and plays one of his own compositions to prove it

Bassano

A portrait of Alexandra Danilova, whose dancing, assisted by a corps-de-ballet adds grace and beauty to the production of "Waltzes From Vienna" at the Alhambra

"LATE NIGHT FINAL," AT THE PHŒNIX

This play has lately had a change of cast, and above is seen Godfrey Tearle as Editor Randall, in the part hitherto played by Raymond Massey, learning from Lucella Carmody (Beatrix Lehmann), a consciousless reporter, news about a forgotten crime which, when published, leads to further tragedy

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Sex Problem

by John Hastings Turner

At one time I and George Lapwing were extremely intimate. We solved the problems of sex and woman at the same public school. Later, at the same college, we decided together that there was no mystery about women whatever. The thing was a myth. George and I were inclined to believe that it was a myth put about by the women themselves—a kind of advertising trick too transparent to deceive George and myself. After that, George and I drifted apart. There seemed nothing left for us to talk about. When men have solved the sex problem they instinctively drift away from one another. Some say they go and solve it privately all over again—but that is absurd. The truth is that when two men have solved the sex problem they must each go away and find someone else who hasn't. If they cannot do this, their lives, as man to man, have become closed books. When they marry, of course, the thing disappears; for the sex problem breaks up into its component parts and becomes a house problem and a food problem and a servant problem and, for incurable optimists, even a child problem. But the glorious, vague and illimitable sex problem has gone for ever. One looks back at it sentimentally as an old friend, a companion of many jolly evenings. I have even caught myself in bad weather envying young bachelors their beautiful sex problem. But Bridge is really a better game.

I did not hear of George Lapwing again for fifteen years. That is one of the advantages of Empire which little Englanders are apt to overlook. When I returned and visited the Legion Club the old mental sterility crept over me in the lounge and I asked, in a moment of boredom, what had become of old George Lapwing. He was not old, nor anything like it—but when men have not been into their club for a period of or exceeding twelve months they take brevet rank as "old." It is a rule in most clubs, I believe.

"Old George?" said a wine-merchant, sitting in the best window seat (wine-merchants always occupy the best seats in clubs). "Old George? Why, he's married!" He laughed loudly. We all laughed. Some of us slapped our knees and bellowed. One or two older members tried to slap their knees and fell into paroxysms of coughing and throat clearing. The room rang with mirth.

You don't see why? Well, it's a rule in most clubs, I believe, if a member gets married. One of our old English customs. One has to get to know these things if one joins a good club.

"Old George!" I repeated at last. That's another rule. The first member repeats the name of the member enquired after, and everybody has another laugh all round. All except the older members, who are excused. They're pretty well done up, after the first laugh.

That's as far as I went about George at the time. Indeed, it is quite possible that I should never have gone any farther, for it is another rule of society that the existence of Mrs. Lapwing made George Lapwing, ipso facto, an entirely different person from "Old George." I happened, however, to be passing the house in Mount Street which George had inherited from his father, and, as it was near cocktail time, some inexplicable feeling of sentiment urged me to ring the bell and enquire if George still occupied the house. A man-servant with half-closed eyes (the best type) assured me that he did. He was good enough to say, completely closing his eyes, that he would take my name up. I said, "No," I would keep it and take it up myself. I explained that I was a very old friend of George Lapwing's and that I wished to surprise him. I said that it would probably be an occasion for cocktails.

"It always is, sir," he murmured without opening his eyes. At the foot of the stairs I was assailed by a sudden doubt. "Mrs. Lapwing?" I asked.

He opened one eye an eighth-of-an-inch.

"She is away, sir," he replied. I mounted the stairs like a bird. For the moment, on entering the library, it almost appeared as if George was not pleased to see me. He lay face downwards on the sofa and, after one look at me, buried himself again in the cushions.

"Marriage," I thought, "has not improved old George."

"Don't you know me, George?" I asked gently.

He turned a white, drawn face towards mine and rose slowly—then he rang the bell.

"Yes, I know you," he said.

The best type of man-servant appeared immediately.

"Cocktails," said George.

"Yes, sir," answered the man and put them on the table. This high-class kind of servant always saves the double journey.

"Here's the best!" I said and drained my glass. But it appeared that the sentiment was ill-timed. George stared at me in horror for a moment, as if I had cracked a bottle of champagne over a newly made grave.

"Don't you *know*?" he said at last, and then, after a pause. "Drink my cocktail," he added, "I have no heart for it!"

Old George had certainly changed, and I was sorry for him. Poor old George! I could not help contrasting his haggard, tortured face with the one I had known. Poignant, I drank his cocktail.

"I thought everybody knew," he said, after a pause. "In fact," he went on, "I have not dared to leave the house since Saturday in case I should meet somebody I knew who knew. One couldn't stand that, could one?"

I agreed that it was always intolerable to meet someone you knew who

Illustrated by
GRAHAM SIMMONS

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knew. This was perfectly safe ground. It is. He rose, haggard, and fixed me with his eye.

"But you *don't* know," he said. "You could see the whole thing with a fresh eye."

I felt I wanted to help old George. I took his hand.

"George," I said, "I always keep my eye absolutely fresh for any old friends."

He looked furtively about him and spoke in a whisper.

"She left me on Saturday morning," he said.

"Good God!" I answered. Etiquette demands strong language on such occasions. He played dismally, for a few moments, with an empty wine glass.

"Yes," he added, at last, "she is staying at an hotel at Folkestone with a cad called Parkin."

"Good God!" I repeated. The idea of a cad called Parkin seemed to warrant it.

"Yes," said George, heavily. "A man who owns paper mills . . . bald, too. But he can dance," he added, and then in a low, tragic tone, "I don't dance."

"What have you done about it?" I asked.

"Nothing," he answered. I nodded.

"Quite right," I said, and a deep silence fell like a curtain between us.

"Perhaps," he murmured at last, "perhaps you don't quite understand!"

"My dear fellow!" I said, and groped for his hand again.

"The fact is," he went on, "I don't want to lose my wife. Or, if I *did* lose her . . ." he hesitated. I nodded in understanding.

"Not," I said firmly, "to a cad called Parkin."

"Not to anyone," he said, and added shamefacedly, "one looks a fool at the club, you know."

"George," I answered, taking hold of the situation. "You must act—you must take steps. . . . You must rouse yourself from your lethargy and er . . . er . . . take measures!"

"Measures?" he repeated doubtfully.

"Measures to make her return," I said.

"But she *is* returning," he answered. "She's returning this morning!" and he waved a telegram under my nose.

"Well, then?" I asked, a little puzzled.

"That's the whole point," he said. "What am I to say to her?"

IT was then that I realised that George was right up against the sex problem—that it had, so to speak, at last come and hit him in the face. When this happens, it is of very little use going into the whole question again as we had at school and college. The time for actually solving the thing so to speak, has gone past. One has got to face it.

"Tell me, George," I asked, "Why is your wife returning to you?"

George shook his head gloomily. It was clear that he could think of no reason whatever.

"It can only be," I suggested, "that, in a comparatively short time, she has become extremely tired of Parkin?" I understood George to mutter that no time was too short to get extremely tired of Parkin. I gave a full minute's real thought to the situation. Then I said, firmly:

"If I were you, George, I should forgive your wife freely and generously."

He stared at me.

"Do you realise," he asked, "exactly what it is she has done?"

"Yes," I replied. "She has gone to Folkestone with a cad called Parkin."

"Stayed at Folkestone with Parkin," he corrected.

"Nevertheless," I said, "I should freely forgive her?"

"What about my honour?" asked George. George's honour undoubtedly made forgiveness less easy.

"Honour," I began rather elaborately (for I was not quite certain what I was going to say). "Honour is, of course, a thing of paramount importance. But is one to ruin two perfectly good lives for the sake of a thing which, after all . . ." I was aware that my voice died away unsatisfactorily. Which, after all—what? The moment the honour of people comes into question, things become immediately complicated. George was looking at me with what are called "steely" eyes. It became evident to me that George was going to be difficult about his honour. Not being married myself, I felt rather out of touch with

the situation. I felt that there was a very good chance of my saying the wrong thing. There was, indeed, an overwhelming chance of my saying the wrong thing. So I said nothing.

George continued to regard me as if I were something he had found under a stone

"You seem," he said slowly, "to regard my honour as something of no account whatever!"

"That, George," I replied, "is not true. I don't know your honour. What I mean is that it's not a thing I have ever been up against before. People's honours are different. I mean, it's like a dog-show—one has to be an expert."

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that if you were in my place you would simply take the woman back?"

"If I wanted the woman, George," I returned, "I should certainly take her back, and be thankful!" That seemed to me reasonable enough. It did not, apparently, appear in the same light to George.

"Just take her back," he said, indignantly, "without a word?"

"I didn't say," I murmured, "without a word. There would, of course, have to be a word."

"I don't see," said George doggedly, "how you are going to get round my honour."

Nor did I. If George's honour was like that I couldn't see a chance in the world of my getting round it, or anybody else. I began to wish I had never called at the house at all. If I had had the slightest idea that I was going to get all tied up with George's honour nothing would have induced me to go near the place. I began to hate George's honour.

"Well George," I said at last, "what you have got to do is to make up your mind which you want most, your wife or your honour."

George remained silent, wearing an expression of the deepest gloom.

"I believe," I said, "that a situation of this kind requires a man of so noble a nature that his generosity can trample even upon his honour." I thought that not bad, and, as George made no sign of having heard, I repeated it.

"And do you imagine," asked George bitterly, "that I am the kind of man you describe?"

I answered that to be perfectly frank, I did not, but that I could not help feeling, if George were to make a great effort, he might find his generosity larger than he imagined. I saw that George was wavering and I dashed on.

"Think," I said, "think of that poor woman, even now on her way back to the home she so bitterly regrets having left. What are her feelings? Disgust, of course, for this man Parkin. Astonishment that she should ever have been taken in by the fellow for a moment. A rising tide of affection for you, George, and over all an awful sense of fear—fear of how she is going to be received. George, think of that girl's relief, think of her gratitude, when her husband takes her in his arms and says, 'Darling, it is all as if it had never been—I, at least, propose never to mention the matter again!' Think, George, how her eyes, through a mist of tears, will search adoringly for yours! Think of her broken voice trying to thank you! Think of your own voice, even more broken, but calm with the certainty of the rightness of your action, telling her to dry her eyes and be happy!"

In my enthusiasm I poured myself out another cocktail which George swallowed immediately. Then he brought his fist down with a crash upon the table.

"My dear fellow," he shouted, "you are right! You are absolutely and perfectly right! There is only one doubt. Have I the necessary nobility of mind. Can I keep the disastrous and nauseating picture of Parkin out of my imagination? Can I?"

"George," I said, gravely, "you must. If the figure of Parkin creeps across your brain, something, I fear, will snap."

"I know it will," replied George simply.

"Parkin," I said, "will have to be forgotten."

"'Don't you know me, George?' I asked gently. He turned a white, drawn face towards mine"

George's lips closed into a thin line, and his hands clenched. He became very red, and then very white. He screwed up his eyes in a most astonishing way, and I realised that he was in the throes of forgetting Parkin. At last, apparently, he succeeded, for he spoke quite calmly.

"I am going to do exactly what you have suggested," he said. "I am going to tell her that the affair will never be mentioned again: that things will be as if this had never happened."

I took his hand in silence. Then I said, "George, believe me, you will never regret this generous action!"

He shook my hand firmly.

"I am grateful to you," he said, "for showing me the way!"

I left the house in a warm glow—the comfortable feeling which a man gets when he has been able to be of use to a fellow-creature. I thought of that poor woman in the train, and I smiled as I reflected that she would never know that a man, of whose very existence she was unaware, had made life safe and happy for her.

It was on the following day that a waiter came to me in the Club and said that George was enquiring for me. I went to the lounge, where I recognised George's back as he stood looking out of the window.

(Continued on page 556)

PARIS ENDORSES SLOPING SHOULDERS,

ASTRAKHAN TRIMS COATS—SMALL EPAULETTE SLEEVES—OLD-WORLD BERTHES—MASSES OF FRILLS

Velvet afternoon coat in Patou's new brown shade, "caroub," trimmed with astrakhan. It shows the closer fitted line and dressy detail apparent in the new season's coats. Model Patou

Finger-prints of Fashion

AMONG the modish autumn fabrics for evening wear are printed taffetas, lace, plain and printed satin, also angel skin, which suggests a satin with a suède finish. Patou is making dresses of "caroub" brown; indeed, there are very few black models in his collection.

SOME designers are showing the true whale-boned bustle, while others are superimposing frills from the waist to the hem. Sometimes they are of a contrasting fabric to the dress. Bows, innocent of all stiffening, are more often than not seen at the base of the neck-line. A novelty is a double frill, one above the waistline and the other below, and they are accordion pleated.

FLOWERS are returning to favour; they may conceal the shoulder-strap; a favourite flower is the camellia; the blooms are massed together, no foliage being present. Sometimes a large cluster of flowers takes the place of the bustle bow. For this purpose a toll has been levied on large shaded chrysanthemums. There are also Victorian buttonholes composed of multi-coloured blooms.

AN amusing novelty are the silk handkerchiefs dyed a sun-tan shade; they are strewn with pin-spots that must match the dress in colour. There are lovely printed chiffon ones for decorative purposes, while for general use there are those of the finest linen lawn relieved with drawn-thread work and embroidery. There are signs on the horizon that lace-trimmed ones will come into their own.

A simple "jeune fille" frock in pale-blue crêpe romain. It features short epaulette sleeves and retains the characteristic Molyneux line of slim-fitting hip, ending abruptly above the knee in fullness of frills

Chiffon Velvets and Narrow Frills

Lelong creates this dark-blue velvet frock, with an Empire "off-the-shoulder" effect in white ermine. It is not often that a very well-known actress poses for a fashion photograph, but Miss Claire Luce, seen above, assuredly adds to the attraction. Model Lelong

Sasha

ELENA MIRAMOVA

The famous Russian dancer who plays the principal part in "Grand Hotel," which, after postponement after postponement, opened its doors to the public at the Adelphi Theatre on Thursday last. This adaptation from Vicki Baum's famous novel has already been played in New York with Elena Miramova in the leading rôle

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY

A SERIES BY NORMAN HILLSON

V—THE GALLERY

"They Always Know"

DECORATIONS BY AUBREY HAMMOND

EVER since I began to go to the theatre regularly I have heard repeated year after year, "The gallery knows if it is a good play."

I have never heard anyone ask why the gallery knows about a play more than any other section of the audience. We never hear such an expression as "The upper circle knows" or "What do the stage boxes think?" No. Only the gallery. *They know.*

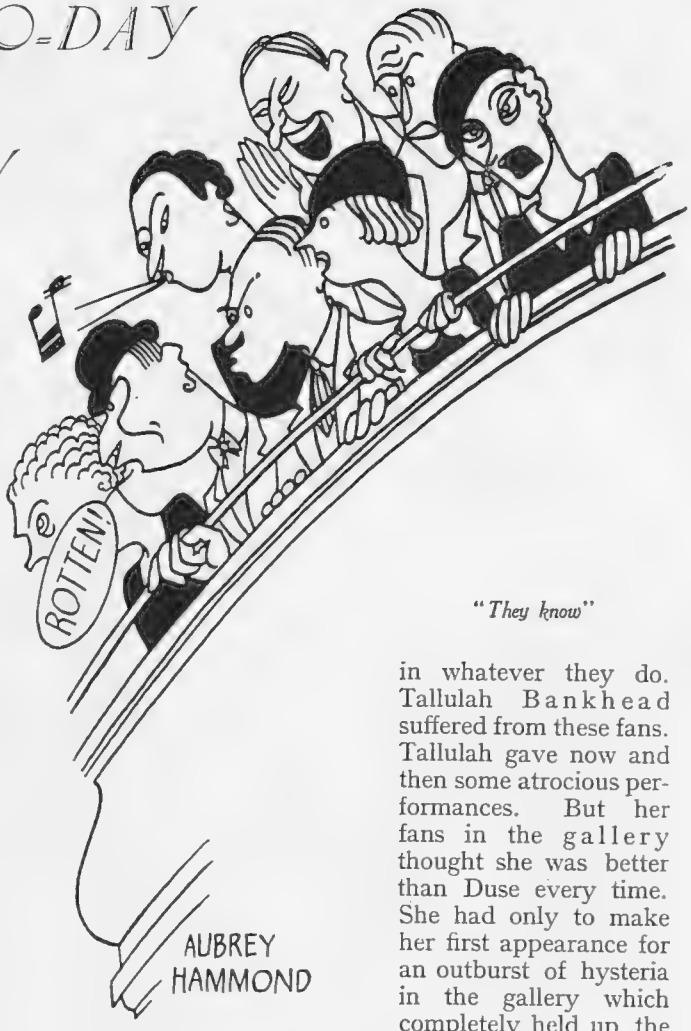
OF course, the gallery knows no more about plays than the stalls or circle. I will be greatly daring and suggest that very often it knows much less. The gallery is more noisy. It lets the world know what it thinks. The stalls as a general rule keep what it thinks a dead secret. That is the difference between the two sections of the house.

THE theatre should be proud of the fact that its appeal is universal. Everybody who has a soul likes to go to the play, and as souls are not restricted to the well-to-do, we have stalls at half a guinea and galleries at one and six. From the managerial and author's point of view, one stall is equal to seven seats in the gallery. But in actual practice the galleryite demands more for his shilling and sixpence than the stallite requires for half a guinea. That is another difference between the gallery and the stalls.

THE London theatre has suffered from noisy and badly behaved people in the galleries for far too long. Ninety per cent. of those who sit in the lofty gods go there to enjoy the play so far as it is humanly possible to enjoy such problematical entertainment. If they find they have had a disappointing evening, they go home quietly regretting they are one shilling and sixpence out of pocket or whatever they paid. They behave like any other member of the community. They do not shout the roof off, imagining they have been swindled.

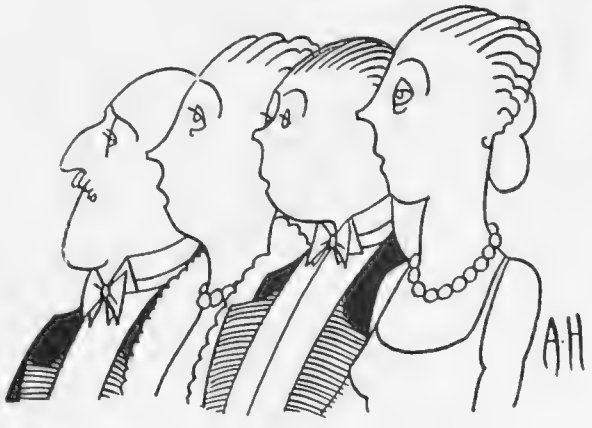
BUT there is a sprinkling of galleryites who think they are more important than anybody else in the theatre. They are the self-appointed critics of the general public. If they do not like a thing they become abusive. They shout, they cat call, I have even known them hiss. and there are certain writers who have given this insignificant minority a great deal of publicity. These have convinced them they are really important. The noisy galleryites see their rudeness reported in the newspapers and think it rather grand. But rudeness is a very cheap road to notoriety. Outspokenness in general is just impertinence. Only the shallow-minded people of this world are outspoken. The wise ones take the advice of Polonius.

THE abusive galleryites are almost as great a nuisance in the theatre as the hysterical people who follow favourite actresses from theatre to theatre and think they are marvellous in whatever they do. Tallulah Bankhead suffered from these fans. Tallulah gave now and then some atrocious performances. But her fans in the gallery thought she was better than Duse every time. She had only to make her first appearance for an outburst of hysteria in the gallery which completely held up the play, embarrassed the unfortunate actress already overstrung by first-night nerves, and irritated the rest of the audience who had come to see the play as well as Tallulah.



"They know"

I KNOW it is a very pleasant thing for an actress to know she has such a fan public. But this fan public is more fickle than all the jades of history. If they are not encouraged by autographs, signed photographs, smiles, and so on, they quickly fade away. Tallulah was the only one who kept all her fans to the end. She was a great showwoman. There are more signed pictures of Tallulah distributed throughout Great Britain than any other stage player except Carl Brisson.

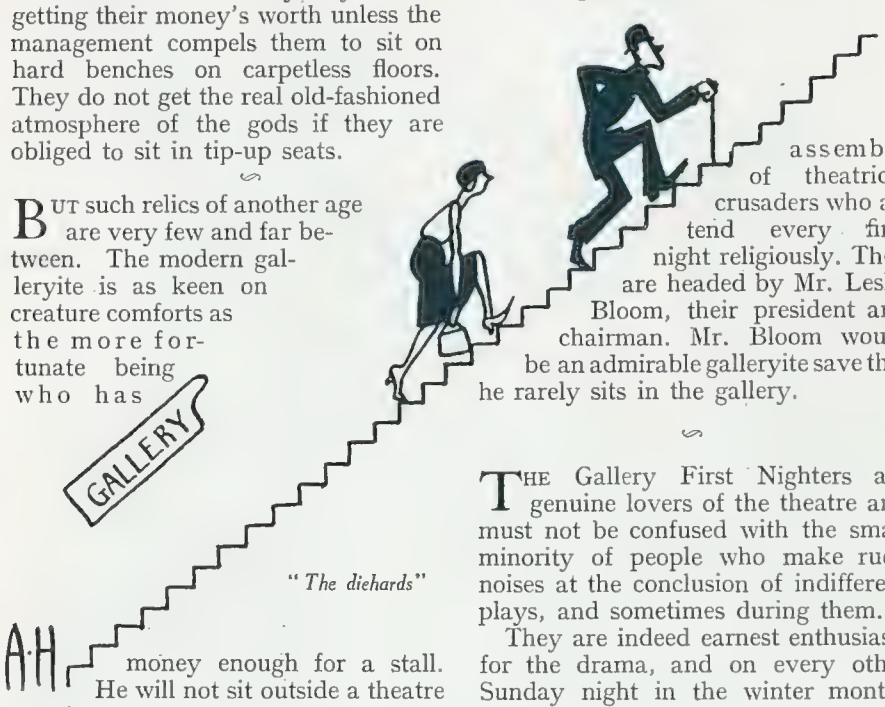


"The stalls keep what it thinks a dead secret"

I PROPHESY that the gallery as an institution of the theatre will cease to exist in the course of the next decade. For one thing it is uneconomic. Seven seats in the gallery make one stall. Theatres can only be made to pay through the stalls, dress circle and upper circle. The space which was once used for the bare boards of the

gallery will become the upper circles of the theatres of the future. There *are* a few diehards who fancy they are not getting their money's worth unless the management compels them to sit on hard benches on carpetless floors. They do not get the real old-fashioned atmosphere of the gods if they are obliged to sit in tip-up seats.

BUT such relics of another age are very few and far between. The modern galleryite is as keen on creature comforts as the more fortunate being who has money enough for a stall. He will not sit outside a theatre for hours in bad weather if he can book his seat in advance and turn up ten minutes before the rise of the curtain. Theatres which in the future imagine that they can carry on with their policy of wholly unreserved pits and galleries will find that their clients have gone round the corner to the cinema on wet nights.



"The diehards"

THERE are, of course, first night enthusiasts who bring their camp stools and sandwiches to the gallery entrance twenty-four hours before the rise of the curtain. They would be far better employed looking after their homes, for by the time they get into the theatre they are too tired to enjoy the performance. These queues have also given rise to another race of parasites—men who are willing to hire themselves out to hold places in the queues, while the playgoer goes about his business. The presence of placeholders is a cause of genuine discontent to those who are willing to make the long vigil to the bitter end. Besides, the theatre has enough parasites already among the managers and their kidney without giving birth to another and even less decorative race of hangers-on.

"See their rudeness reported in the newspapers and think it rather grand"

AND lastly I come to the strange organisation called the "Gallery First Nighters' Club." This is an assembly of theatrical crusaders who attend every first night religiously. They are headed by Mr. Leslie Bloom, their president and chairman. Mr. Bloom would be an admirable galleryite save that he rarely sits in the gallery.

THE Gallery First Nighters are genuine lovers of the theatre and must not be confused with the small minority of people who make rude noises at the conclusion of indifferent plays, and sometimes during them.

They are indeed earnest enthusiasts for the drama, and on every other Sunday night in the winter months you can find them in an upper room of a certain public house behind Piccadilly Circus debating the more subtle points of the theatre. I have often found the House of Commons take itself less seriously.

IN the past theatre managers did not care twopence about the comforts of the gallery. Anything would do for the patrons of the cheaper parts which passed the eagle eye of the London County Council inspectors. And as it is so easy to be discontented when you are uncomfortable, managers in the past had only themselves to blame if, from time to time, the gallery became restive. But nowadays you can at least sit in comparative comfort in the gallery even if the normal sighted find it difficult to see.

BUT I prophesy that in the future when galleries are as comfortable as the rest of the house, that same air of resignation will hang over the minds and faces of those who sit in the galleries as hangs at present over the minds and faces of those who sit in the stalls. Will the theatre lose by the change?

And I wonder further if the gallery will still know if it is a good play or not. Or whether their opinion will be lumped with that of the stalls and circle and we shall reach the amorphous state of knowing that nobody knows.

STILL more do I wonder whether in a short time, with taxes piled upon taxation, the stallite will not cease to exist, for there will be few playgoers left wealthy enough to pay for the more expensive seats. Then, indeed, there will be no one to contradict the verdict of the gallery! N. H.

THE SEX PROBLEM (continued from page 551)

"George, old man——" I began, and he turned. He took me by the arm.

"There is no one in the strangers' room," he said, "we will go there!"

He did not speak again until we were in the dark and icy room which we reserve for our guests.

"When my wife returned from Folkestone," he said, slowly, "I welcomed her with open arms. I said, 'Daphne, it is difficult for you to realise it, but I am going to forgive and forget. From this moment it shall seem as if it had never happened!'"

I smiled to him.

"George," I said, "dear old chap, it must have cost you a great effort. But you will never regret your noble impulse, old man, that I can promise you. You'll look back on this in years to come as one of the finest and happiest moments of your life, and if I, in my humble way, have perhaps been instrumental . . ."

But George interrupted me.

"I have not yet told you," he said, "what Daphne replied."

"Her gratitude probably," I murmured, "was too deep for words."

"It was not," answered George, shortly. "She said, 'How dare you forget it as quickly as that? Is this all I am to you? Charles and I go away together and you don't even make the beginnings of a fuss? Oh, it's intolerable! This is indeed an eye opener. I'd no idea my value was so little to you. I've never been so humiliated in my life, and you will never see me again!'"

"And," he added slowly, "she has left for an unknown destination."

I realised that George and I had not solved the sex problem after all, I also realised that for some reason or other George was taking off his coat. It was at that moment that I lost interest in his affairs and left the strangers' room.

J. H. T.

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

THE NYMPH OF THE TREE TOP

O, Dryad of the woodland dell,
You hold my cockney heart in spell
So won't you be my new Bough Belle?

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LIMITED.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE ENGLISH AND A MICROSCOPE

By "Junius"

DR. G. J. Renier, a Dutchman, has lived seventeen years in England, and in that time has observed us and our little ways and doings with microscopic closeness. The result is *The English: Are they Human?* (Williams and Norgate, 7*s.* 6*d.*). The author's final conclusion is that not only are we human, but that one day we "may yet become the leaders of the world in the appreciation of art," an opinion which we know is not held by some of our fellow countrymen who write letters to the daily Press.

BEFORE he arrives at this conclusion Dr. Renier has some shrewd hits at various national foibles. Some of his opinions, however, are not tenable, as, for instance, "Ill breeding, the doing of a thing which is 'not done'; eccentricity such as the display of culture or of intellectual qualities in the course of conversation are visited with social ostracism." But in the following he is right. "Many things are done in England for the sole reason that they are 'done,' still more remain undone because they are 'not done.'"

THE English have no "fundamentally religious nature," he says, and he considers that our religious tolerance comes less from mutual forbearance than from "lack of interest in the life after death." "The life of to-day matters immensely and almost exclusively to the English, but it is a life full of loyalties, full of devotions, full of all the things which, notwithstanding their lack of æsthetics and of intellectualism, make them such charming and fascinating beings."

IT is not always pleasing to our vanity to see ourselves as others see us, but if Dr. Renier gives us some hard knocks you feel that his opinions are sincere, and that enhances the value of the many pleasant traits he finds in our national character. An intriguing vein of humour runs all through the subtle analysis of the book. The English have rarely had so discerning or so kindly a critic.

I HAVE been so interested in Mr. Hubert A. Meredith's book, *The Drama of Money Making: Tragedy and Comedy of the London Stock Exchange* (Sampson Low, 8*s.* 6*d.*), that I have read some parts of it twice. From Mr. Meredith you learn that "booms" in speculation began so long ago as the reign of Charles I, when the tulip mania in Holland reduced many of the bulb-growers to ruin. Law's Mississippi Scheme in France, and the South Sea Bubble in England—both in the early years of the eighteenth century—showed that our ancestors were as eager as we are ourselves to get rich quickly. How disastrous this desire has been to promoters of "quick money-making," and those who have trusted them, Mr. Meredith sets out in

Pearl Freeman

DR. G. J. RENIER

A Dutchman who has been a "chiel amang us taking notes" for seventeen years, has written a book, reviewed on this page, entitled "The English: Are they Human?"

a series of histories of "booms," and of such financiers as Baron Grant, Hudson, the "Railway King," Jabez Balfour, Whitaker Wright, and Arthur Lee Bevan.

IT is generally thought that the Hatry crash brought about the collapse of the industrial boom in 1928. Mr. Meredith—who speaks with profound knowledge of finance—is not of this opinion. He says that although the Hatry affair may have hastened the collapse, it was not the cause, and, that as the Hatry discovery was made before the Wall Street slump in 1929, it "undoubtedly saved many people in this country from even more serious losses than they actually did incur, inasmuch as the shock caused in the City by the Hatry episode was responsible for the wholesale closing of commitments and a drastic reduction in the open position before the Wall Street crisis." Had it not been for the Hatry crash Mr. Meredith says that November, 1929, might have been an even blacker period for the Stock Exchange than it actually was.

One fact emerges from this absorbingly interesting book. "Booms," in no matter what, invariably crash sooner or later—a fact to be remembered by would-be speculators.

AS a novel of breathless adventure set in the colour of the East, let me recommend *Jungle Forest* (Hutchinson, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Talbot Mundy. Strange happenings befel Cotswold Ommony, of the Woods and Forests, and Athelstan King in the Indian jungle, happenings which increase in excitement and mystery as the story proceeds. Equally breathless and mysterious happenings befal the characters in Mr. Sax Rohmer's *Daughter of Fu Manchu* (Cassell, 7*s.* 6*d.*), likewise in an Eastern setting—Egypt. Mr. Rohmer is a master in giving his readers the "creeps," and here he is at his best and creepiest. Madame Ingomar, alias Fah Lo Suee, is a positive nightmare of evil.

PERSONALLY, I grow weary of the modern Russian novelists. Their themes are invariably grey, sordid and desolatingly ugly. However well they may write, and however closely they may observe the life about them, as in the case of Leonid Leonov, whose book, *The Thief* (Secker, 7*s.* 6*d.*), has been translated by Hubert Butler, you are left with an impression of dreary monotony. Perhaps this is the atmosphere of Russia to-day, and consequently the Russian novelists can find no other material. Having given this personal opinion, in justice I must say that *The Thief* is a remarkable book in its own way, and shows a picture of Soviet Russia which, in its crude ugliness and greyness, is more damning than the bitterest criticism of any enemy of the Soviet.

IN more prosperous days, when Chancellors of the Exchequer were able to balance their Budgets without despoiling the dead and taking a quarter of the earnings of the living, there was a National slogan, "Trade follows the Flag." The present situation suggests that trade has got tired of following the flag, but for the old slogan we can say "Fashion follows the dressmakers." And not only in clothes. Felt hats with drooping ostrich feathers, flowing skirts, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and bustles are creeping more and more into our fiction.

MR. MARK SEVERN adds another novel, *Background* (Benn, 7*s.* 6*d.*), to the increasing list, an excellent novel, too, which brings before you, vividly, the life of an old county family, and all that life stood for—domestically and nationally—before the cataclysm of the War. With great skill Mr. Severn shows the effect of birth and tradition upon his hero, Martin Shandbolt. This is a novel you should read. It is filled with the atmosphere of an old English country house, and the close-knitted bond of family which came of the unbroken ownership of land for centuries.

GOLF GOSSIP By Lieut.-Col. W. Elwy Jones

In the Irish Open Golf Championship, held at the Royal Dublin Links, E. W. Kenyon (with flower in coat) was the winner, while the five who tied for second prize, also seen in the photograph, are W. H. Davies, Abe Mitchell, Mark Seymour, Bert Hodson and Ernest Whitcombe; the latter (fourth from the left) set a new record for the course with a remarkable round of 66

A CURIOUS feature—to some perhaps —of the first day's play in the fifth Irish Open Championship was the poor display of the Ryder Cup team. The best of them was George Duncan, 73, followed by W. H. Davies with 74; E. R. Whitcombe and Abe Mitchell, 78, and Arthur Havers, 79, were the tail.

Gus Faulkiner led the field with a 70 on the first round; the lead on the second round was taken by P. O'Connor, 144, with Faulkiner, H. Large, and C. Sayner tying for second place with 146. George Duncan, who had been playing very steadily, was only one stroke behind and well in the running.

The final round produced a complete reshuffling, E. W. Kenyon, with an aggregate of 291, winning, with W. H. Davies, M. Seymour, E. R. Whitcombe, B. Hodson, and Abe Mitchell tying for second place with 293.

* * *

I HAVE just motored across France from Havre to within a few miles of Cannes, and not one golf course was to be seen en route; we saw one signboard, at Annonay, I think, advertising a hydro "with eighteen-hole golf course," but how many would one pass on a journey of nearly seven hundred miles in the United Kingdom? On a run of only just over a hundred miles I counted fifteen courses visible from the main road.

* * *

HERE at Agay, where I am writing this, we are only ten miles from Valescure, but, alas! there is no golf at this time of the year, the heat being so intense that there is practically no grass left. I was told that a new course had recently been opened near St. Maxime, which was playable all the year round, but so far I can find no confirmation of this, much to my disappointment, for, being principally a week-end golfer, I was looking forward to a game in the sun after the twenty-seven wet week-ends of this year.

* * *

A FEW years ago I drove to Sospel on the first of May; it is a goodly climb from Mentone, and hardly the route one would choose unless in search of a game of golf. On arriving there we were informed that the links had been closed the previous day for the summer. Fortunately we met the proprietor of the hotel, and he said the greens were quite good and the flags still in, and if we cared to play "sans caddies" we were welcome. We did, and had a very pleasant round.

* * *

AFTER stating that he thought a thousand miles was a long way to travel just to qualify, Cyril Tolley said that he would probably not take part in the American Amateur Championship, but has now, so I hear, decided to do so. He has only played twenty-four games since last September. I hope he will put in plenty of practice, and that he and T. P. Perkins, who is considered in America as a very likely winner, will help to uphold the golfing traditions of our country.

E. W. Kenyon, of the West Lancashire Club, driving off in the Irish Open Championship at Dollymount, Dublin, which he won with a score of 291 for the 72 holes

* * *

THE fourth annual competition for the Prince of Wales's Cup will take place on the Prince's Club course at Sandwich on September 26, entries closing on September 21.

The competition is open to all amateur golfers possessing a handicap of 6 or better. The player with the best scratch score over 36 holes will win the trophy. Entrance fees, at the desire of the Prince, will be handed over in their entirety to the Kent County Playing Fields Association.

* * *

THE 12th hole at Woodcote Park was holed in one by G. Bourn a few days ago, and W. Hay performed the same feat at the 10th at Old Ford Manor. It's becoming a habit.

* * *

THERE is still so much discussion as to the rival merits of wooden and steel-shafted clubs that it is interesting to note that Archie Compston laid the blame for his indifferent driving in the first round of the Irish Championship to his having played with a set of steel-shafted wooden clubs which Espinosa gave him in America. These were lighter than those he is accustomed to use, and his swing was consequently too fast and the timing not what it should have been.

* * *

I AM inclined to think that the success of the steel-shafted clubs, at all events in the hands of medium players, is due to the fact that it has been impressed upon them that they must swing more slowly than they did with their wooden-shafted clubs. It will probably surprise many if they go back to their old clubs and swing them as they have been doing those with steel shafts. It has me.

Reflecting Age and Quality . . .

THIS is an untouched photograph of glasses containing a little 'Cordon Bleu' Brandy.

See how they reflect the shadow of the casks in which it lay, recalling, as you will when you taste it, the fact that it matured in them for thirty-five years.

Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

Martell's
Cordon Bleu

SHOOTING NOTES

SOME INTERESTING GROUSE RETURNS

By "CLODHOPPER"

A halt at luncheon-time on the moors of Glendoe, Inverness-shire, where Mr. Charles J. Hambro, the well-known banker, and Mrs. Hambro are entertaining a shooting party. The group includes host and hostess, Mr. Martin Smith, Amateur English Golf Champion, and M. Fould, brother of the French Under-Secretary for Agriculture

A SPORTING Edinburgh advocate has been good enough to send me some very interesting returns of grouse shot on various Scottish moors on the Twelfth and subsequent dates last month. In my Shooting Notes of August 12 I discounted the gloomy and discouraging grouse-shooting forecasts which were so generally published in the daily and weekly Press, and I am delighted to say that the grouse crop, though a little "patchy," has proved, in the aggregate, to be well up to the average.

THE notable one-day bags mentioned herein attest to the excellent head of grouse that obtained on the majority of the principal Scottish moors at the opening of the present season. Satisfactory results have also been returned from some of the famous Yorkshire preserves. Generally speaking, however, grouse shooting south of the Tweed has been decidedly disappointing, though good sport has been enjoyed on the North and South Welsh moors.

WHAT will probably prove to be the record bag of grouse for 1931 consisted of no fewer than 455½ brace killed by Capt. Franklyn and eight other guns on Glenfiddich, while the noted Marnoch Moor yielded 311 brace to Lord Woolavington's party of eight guns. The Marquis of Blandford and half a dozen friends shot 230 brace on the Strathavon Moors, Tomintoul; and on Altyre, which is rented by Mr. Shearson from Sir A. P. Gordon-Cumming, 436 and 360 grouse were secured on the 12th and 14th of August respectively.

Mrs. Martineau, Mr. Hubert Martineau, Col. Phillipi, and Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., from Marske Hall, near Richmond, Yorkshire, grouse shooting on the Murrayfield and Lady Mary Moor

AMONGST many other moors upon which the coveys have been found to be both plentiful and remarkably strong on the wing I may mention those of Blairfindy—in the famous whisky and game district of Glenlivet—where 118 brace were bagged by Mr. L. Bateyer and his party of six guns in a short day; the well-stocked shootings of Castle Grant, whereon Mr. C. Grant and seven other good game-shots accounted for 146 brace; Deelavaird and Glenfarquhar, which afforded such fine sport to Lord Arbuthnot, General Pritchard, and Sir James Caird on the 14th that 122 brace of grouse and "various" were actually gathered during the day; and the Clova Moors, in the Lumsden area, on which 292 grouse and a number of hares were killed by Mr. A. C. Allen and two or three other guns on the opening day.

THESE are but a very few of the great number of excellent bags of Scottish grouse that were made during the early part of last month. From the lengthy list I have before me of results obtained on the Northern moors might be picked out scores of other bags ranging from 120 to 50 brace a day. Such returns very clearly indicate that the totals of the present grouse season are likely to compare very favourably with those of the past decade.

THESE Notes are written on the eve of the 1st of September. Sincerely does one wish it were possible to predict that sport with the little brown bird of the stubbles and roots is likely to be as good as that which has been enjoyed of late with his brave red cousin on the heather-clad moorlands. To be quite candid, I am rather afraid that partridge shooting in not a few agricultural districts will, owing to the several causes mentioned in my article of last week, prove a "wash out." I do not, however, agree with the ultra-pessimistic order of sportsmen and gamekeepers—and their name is legion—who for weeks past have broadcast the blackest forebodings in regard to the partridge prospects. The season may, and probably will, be below average. Be this as it may, I have no hesitation in repeating that here and there will be found "bright patches" on which a sufficient quantum of strong-winged coveys will be found to have survived the deluge to afford good sport. At any rate, I hope to find that such is the case when, in early October, I visit what I am told is a particularly "bright patch" in North Essex.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

SEPTEMBER PRACTICE.

FOR those who are not away on the moors September, notwithstanding its hallowed traditions, is an idle month for the majority of shooters. Yet it will not be idle for those who appreciate the importance of paying half a dozen visits to one or other of the excellently equipped shooting grounds situated around London, with similar establishments in easy access of the more important provincial centres. They should concentrate almost entirely on the driven partridge style of bird, seeking all the while to take them the moment they come into sight and so leave opportunity for firing the left barrel before the supposed covey has reached the stand. Many shooters, almost the majority, hold the gun far too low when at the ready, hence they must gyrate it through an unnecessary radius. Usually, shooting schools give you the going-away bird first, but from some points of view this is a mistake. By experienced shots the sharp action for an overhead bird might be practised first, so emphasising the necessity for a much slower and more deliberate lift, without a vestige of over-lift, when the nearly stationary mark is tackled. And we all know how many really good shots admit their inability to deal with a sitting rabbit. If routine necessitates a few birds from the ground traps to start with you would do well to finish up with the same kind, so reminding you that the two marks need entirely different timing.

The Sphinx and the Chefren Pyramid, Near Cairo.

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—during **November, December and January,** when the climate is ideal. Travel independently, luxuriously, with combined tickets at **fully inclusive special rates for the return journey,** comprising first-class Sea Passage, first-class Railway Travel, Meals in Restaurant Cars. Sleeping Berths fitted luxuriously with every convenience. Full accommodation, meals and gratuities at the Leading Hotels. The journey can be made from **Marseilles, Toulon, Genoa, Venice or Trieste** by the steamship services of the **"P. & O.," "Orient," "Messageries Maritimes," "Sitmar," or "Lloyd Triestino"** to Alexandria or Port Said, thence by the Egyptian State Railways to **Cairo, Luxor and Assuan.**

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The Shooter's Calendar 1931

SEPTEMBER

NOTES FOR THE MONTH

(i)

Start walking partridges early in the month; they soon get wild, and, moreover, farmers will be lifting roots and potatoes before the frosts come. The last few walks of the day can sometimes be arranged so that your pheasants are driven into covert from stubbles and roots. Driving will probably not be begun till a little later, but once all the ground has been shot over you will know what stock you have; then is the time to decide how much more you should shoot. If there are French birds on your ground be sure to make the beaters take the drive right up to the guns, or you will certainly not see all the redlegs that are there.

ELEY & KYNOCH

CARTRIDGES DEAL FAITHFULLY WITH WALKED OR DRIVEN BIRDS.

ICI

Note for supporters of Home Industry—If a cartridge case is not marked Eley or Kynoch it is not British Made

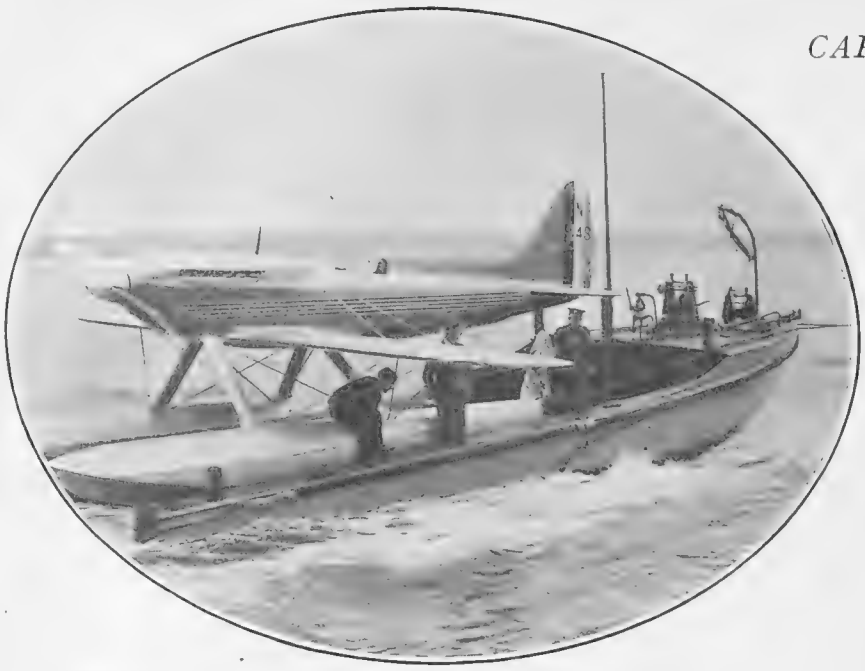
FLYING NOTES

THE WORLD'S CLASSIC SPEED EVENT

By
CAPT. C. E. WARD

British Aircraft Supreme

ON Saturday next, and for the third time in succession, three pilots chosen from the Royal Air Force High Speed Flight will have the honour of defending our title to the Schneider Trophy. It seems probable that this year's contest will be the last of the series, and, in fact, the last of the high-speed events in the air for several years to come. In the first place, our new machines and engines are undoubtedly a success and an improvement on those built for the 1929 race. Then, as regards the challengers from France and Italy, great difficulties have occurred in the preliminary trials, and neither country is to be represented, in which case we must cover the course in order to qualify and to win the Trophy outright. In 1924 the United States waived its right to claim a victory in this manner, but since then the cost of entering and the risks entailed by pilots have increased enormously, and the participation of the British Government this year, together with the special circumstances of Lady Houston's generous guarantee, make it certain that we shall fly. Two of our machines will attempt to beat the existing record, leaving the third to potter round at a modest 328 miles or so an hour.



A SCHNEIDER 'PLANE

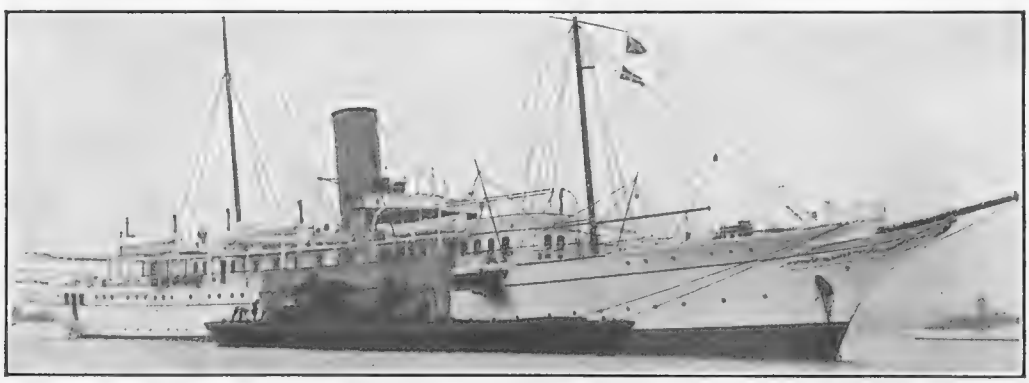
The reconstructed N.248.S6 arriving at Calshot for the Schneider trial flights. This machine has been hastily reconstructed to take the place of the 'plane in which the late Flt.-Lt. Brinton crashed

Personalities

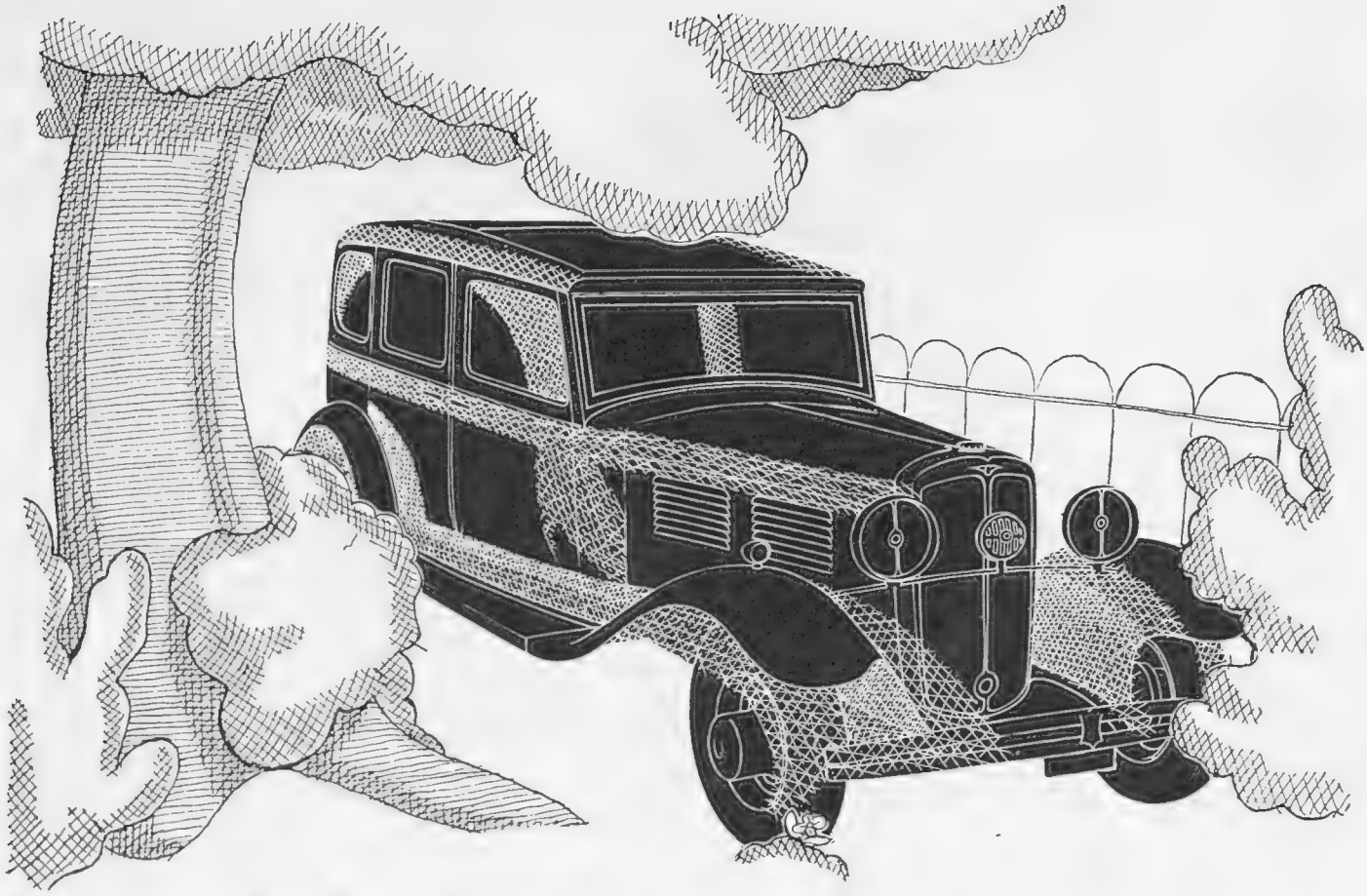
FIRST and foremost, I must refer again to Lady Houston, who volunteered to back her country against all comers to the extent of £100,000 when the Government of the day failed to realise that the possession of the Trophy would be a national asset. Her yacht Liberty has been assigned a special berth so that she may see the race to the best advantage, and it would be a bel gesto for our pilots to wear her racing colours. To Mr. R. J. Mitchell, a young man of thirty-five who designed our winning machines in 1922, 1927, and 1929, and to Sir Henry Royce, the veteran chief of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., we pay special tribute as the representatives of their firms for marvellous skill and ingenuity in producing the S.6.B, capable of flying at more than six miles a minute, monoplanes. This country needs a tonic after the political and financial anticyclone which has been depressing it so recently, and the evidence of our superiority in producing the goods which no one can excel should provide that stimulus. It would be invidious to refer specially to individual pilots, for each represents the Royal Air Force, which sets a standard of efficiency for the world to follow. Led by Squadron-Leader Orlebar, A.F.C., holder of the speed record of 357 miles an hour, the team consists of Flt.-Lt. G. A. Stainforth, who flew the Gloster Napier 6 at 336 miles in 1929, Flt.-Lts. Long and Boothman, both with much experience of high-speed work, and Flying Officer Snaith. The late Lieut. Brinton, the only Naval officer chosen, was a fine pilot whose death during training is a great loss. Both the French and Italians have lost a gallant member of their own teams whilst undertaking a hazardous duty, justified by the issues at stake.

Marvels of Our New Machines

THE experience gained in designing our racers has provided a store of knowledge for some years to come. We have created a streamlined form almost perfect, which can be propelled through the air by an engine weighing three-quarters of a pound per horse-power. The conditions for 1931 are altered so that a "take off," a landing, and a taxi-ing test immediately precede the speed trial proper without a break for refuelling, and this has meant increasing the size of the floats to carry more petrol, with a consequent increase in weight all round to gain strength. The possibility of an average speed in excess of 360 miles an hour is unlikely. The surfaces of the wings and the upper sides of the floats constitute water radiators, whilst oil is carried in the tail fin and cooled when passing through channels built into the side of the body. Elastic framework to compensate for water expansion when heated, a special petrol tank to feed the engine on steep turns when centrifugal force puts the pumps out of action, and a supercharger for boosting the engine to nearly three times its normal power are some of the marvels which have been devised. THE BYSTANDER wishes the Royal Air Force good luck in this great trial of human skill and endeavour, and congratulates the aircraft industry on the fine compliment paid to it by the withdrawal of all competition.



Lady Houston's yacht, "Liberty," anchored in Southampton Water prior to the Schneider Trophy Race, and from which she will have a magnificent view of the course. It was through her generosity that Great Britain was able to defend the Trophy, which, owing to France and Italy's withdrawal, will become the property of Great Britain



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A roomy coachbuilt body, with pressed steel panels, four wide doors, and simple sliding roof . . . a four-speed gearbox with really silent third gear . . . rear petrol tank . . . semi-elliptic springing, hydraulic shock absorbers front and rear, chromium-plated lamps. Equipment includes five Magna type wire wheels and Dunlop tyres, Protectoglass all round, furniture hide upholstery, bumper bars front and rear, rear stop light.

The 1932 "Standard Sixteen"

Coachbuilt Saloon - £235 *Ex works*
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also

The 1932 "Standard Little Nine" from £145
The 1932 "Standard Big Nine" from £195
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MOTOR NOTES

THEM WAS THE DAYS! By E. M. Wright

MOTORING has become too respectable. It is very nice to have a beautifully polished car which croons softly as it does its 60 m.p.h. along a perfect road. It is very nice to receive the salutes of smartly uniformed patrols wherever you go, or to wander into the palatial offices of the A.A. or the R.A.C., order an itinerary to Kamchatka, and receive maps, route cards, lists of hotels, triptyques, and travelling passes by return of post. All this is very efficient, very comfortable. But it has robbed motoring of that spice of adventure which more than made up for our many trials and tribulations in the early days.

***

PERHAPS I am sighing for the moon. I do not really want to return to motoring as I knew it in pre-War days. But I have been reading the reminiscences of Major Stenson Cooke, who has been Secretary of the A.A. since its earliest beginnings in 1905. We were pariahs then. The hand of every man was against us. The A.A. was a sort of Ku Klux Klan. Its object was, quite simply, to flout the law.

***

I DON'T want to return to the speed limit. I don't want to have to drive a stinking Juggernaut, and I don't want to have to drive in a cloud of choking dust. But I would gladly see a little more of that vigorous hard-hitting which won us our place in the sun. The A.A. and the R.A.C. are nowadays too decorous in their methods. They fight like gentlemen. Has Major Cooke forgotten the days when he consorted with "felons"?

***

THEM was the days! How many readers of these Notes can remember the Fairmile case in 1905, when an A.A. Scout was charged with perjury because he dared to give the lie to police evidence of speeding. How many readers, too, know the origin of that stony stare which warned the motorist of a police-trap. Yet that simple device was only hit upon after the A.A. had fought a cause célèbre and had lost their case. It was a crime to signal motorists doing a reckless 23 m.p.h that a policeman was timing his madcap career, but not a crime for a Scout to be merely rude—such is the intricacy of the law.

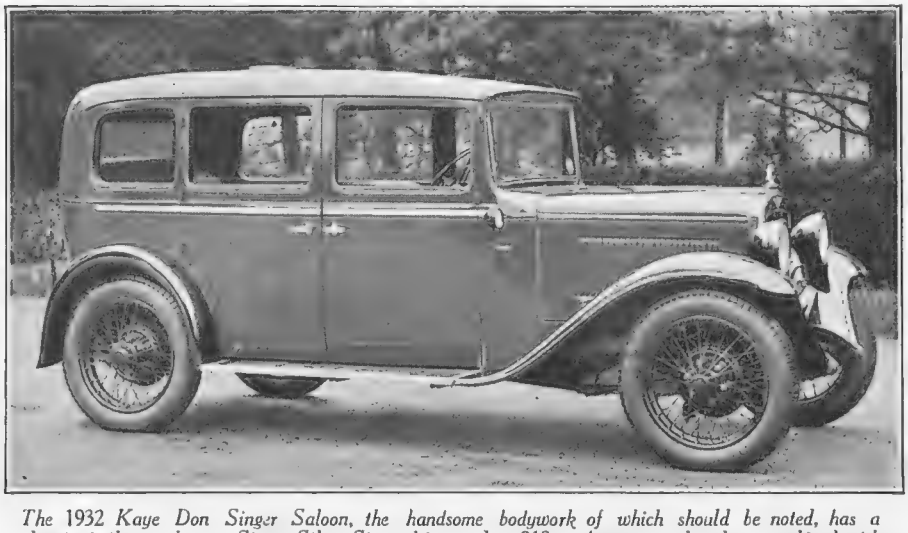
***

ALREADY we have forgotten the police-trap and that senseless 20 m.p.h. It seems so long ago; but we have not yet celebrated the first anniversary of our emancipation. And we have not yet arrived at the millennium. Although police traps are no more, the law offers plenty of scope still for petty persecution. The motorist can still be branded a felon for trumpery technical offences. Major Stenson Cooke chuckles over the wars he has waged in the past. Do not let the deadly virus of pacifism sap our vitality. Even in these days prejudice against the motorist exists; prejudice which leads to but scant justice to the motoring fraternity. The A.A. is, or was, a fighting force. Its object is to raise hell, not to preach peace and goodwill. Enough of this fraternising with the enemy. The A.A. is there to fight, and to fight with the gloves off.

***

NEVERTHELESS, we owe an immense debt to the A.A., a debt which the owner-driver of to-day does not appreciate. "This Motoring," in which Major Stenson Cooke tells of the growth of our largest motor organisation—and, incidentally, tells us the story of his own life—is the history of a long uphill fight by a gallant band of men who were determined to free motoring of its shackles. The story is an epic, and I recommend every motorist, particularly the new motorist, to read it. It has been published by Cassells at the modest sum of 3*s*. 6*d*., and is more than worth its place on every motorist's bookshelf.

One of the new Morris Cowley Saloons, with Pytchley sliding roof, outside the old Market Hall at Wootton Bassett. A new radiator, longer bonnet line, still roomier coachwork—capable of accommodating five persons in comfort—Lockheed hydraulic brakes, Magna wire wheels, rear petrol tank and a combined fume-consumer, air cleaner, and preheater in the cylinder head are among the many refinements to be found in this coming season's model. The price is £185



The 1932 Kaye Don Singer Saloon, the handsome bodywork of which should be noted, has a chassis similar to the new Singer Silent Six and is taxed at £18. Appearance has been combined with utility and the car is fully equipped, including Triplex safety glass throughout. It costs £480

IN THE NEWS

New Models at Devonshire House

Next week, from September 15 to 19, a comprehensive range of the 1932 Humber and Hillman models will be on view at Rootes, Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly. In addition, there will be a continuous cinema display illustrating the testing of these cars under unusual conditions, and incidents of the Prince of Wales's tour in South America.

The New Morris Programme

The star turn of the Morris programme for 1932 is the introduction of a new baby, the Family Eight. But throughout the range many alterations and improvements have been introduced. The radiator on all models has been redesigned, and now has the fashionable central rib. Bodywork has been improved. The vizor is abolished, and all closed models are fitted with what i known as "eddy-free"

(*Continued on page* 568)

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N

AUSTIN *ANNOUNCES* OLYMPIA PRICES

New *models, Finer Equipment, Better Quality,* Lower *prices!*

In announcing the new Olympia prices, Austin offers a wide range of cars which not only definitely sets a standard of dependability to the world, but also a new standard of motoring value.

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Study the new programme—and you will agree that never at any time have such prices purchased such motoring efficiency . . . such motoring satisfaction.

PRICES EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 2ND

	NEW PRICES	OLD PRICES (*Including extras*)	SPECIAL FEATURES
SEVEN MODELS			
De Luxe Saloon	£128.0.0	£140 . 0 . 0	*With sunshine roof and upholstered in leather.*
Standard Saloon	£118.0.0	£130 . 0 . 0	*Upholstered in wool repp or leather cloth.*
Tourer	£118.0.0	£122 . 10 . 0	*Upholstered in leather cloth.*
Two-Seater	£118.0.0	£122 . 10 . 0	
TWELVE-FOUR MODELS			
Burnham De Luxe Saloon	£288.0.0	£316 . 19 . 0	*With sunshine roof, bumpers and Magna wheels.*
New Windsor Saloon	£268.0.0		*With new all-steel body.*
TWELVE-SIX MODELS			
New De Luxe Harley Saloon	£225.0.0		*With sunshine roof and bumpers. Upholstered in leather or moquette.*
Harley Saloon	£198.0.0	£198 . 0 . 0	*Upholstered in wool repp or leather cloth.*
New Open Road Tourer	£198.0.0		*Entirely new bodies. Upholstered in leather cloth.*
New Eton Two-Seater	£198.0.0		
SIXTEEN MODELS			
BurnhamDeLuxeSaloon (six window)	£325.0.0	£352 . 19 . 0	*With sunshine roof, bumpers and Magna wheels.*
New Westminster Saloon (four window)	£350.0.0		*New model with de luxe finish as above.*
Burnham De Luxe Saloon (with drop head)	£325.0.0		*With bumpers and Magna wheels.*
New Windsor Saloon	£298.0.0		*With new all-steel body having low and pleasing lines.*
Open Road Tourer	£290.0.0	£310 . 0 . 0	*Roomy five-seater with full all-weather equipment.*
Harrow Two-Seater	£290.0.0	£310 . 0 . 0	*With smart lines and comfortable dickey seat.*
TWENTY MODELS			
Ranelagh Limousine or Landaulette (wheelbase 11′ 4″)	£575.0.0	£587 . 15 . 0	*With bumpers, Magna wheels and Vaumol upholstery.*
Mayfair Saloon (wheelbase 10′ 10″)	£550.0.0	£552 . 15 . 0	*With sunshine roof, bumpers and Magna wheels.*
New Whitehall Saloon. (wheelbase 10′)	£525.0.0		*With special light chassis, sunshine roof, bumpers and Magna wheels.*
New Carlton Saloon (wheelbase 10′).	£498.0.0		*With special light chassis, fixed roof, bumpers and Magna wheels.*

All models have Triplex glass, Dunlop tyres and chromium finish.

The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven : 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station : Holland Park Hall, W.11

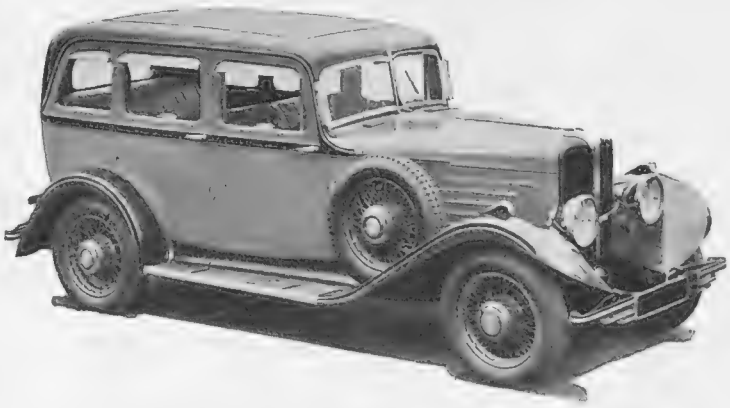
MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 566)

coachwork. As before, every model has Triplex safety glass throughout. All the Sixes, including the 14 h.p. Morris Major, now have twin-top four-speed gear boxes, and all models except the Minor are fitted with Lockheed hydraulic brakes. An important innovation from the owner-driver's point of view is the standardisation of the rear petrol tank on all models, thus giving greater accessibility and increased security against fire.

The Family Eight, in effect, is a de luxe baby. The four-door saloon, which costs only £152 10s., has ample accommodation for four adults, and included in the standard specification is a Pytchley sliding roof. This little Eight is capable of a speed of 55 m.p.h., and has a petrol consumption of between 50 and 55 miles to the gallon. As regards the Cowley range, the outstanding feature is a choice of either a 12 h.p. or a 14-32 h.p. four-cylinder engine at exactly the same price. All Cowley models have been practically redesigned. In addition, of course, to the fitting of a new radiator, alterations to the chassis frame permit of a lower body line which considerably adds to the appearance of the car. The engine of the Morris Major has been redesigned to bring it within the £14 tax limit. Five new sports coupés have been added to the range, and this type of body is now available on every model with the exception of the Minor.

Singer Cars for 1932

The Singer Company lists a comprehensive range of models for 1932. Every one of them, including the Junior, is fitted with a silent-third, four-speed gear box. Perhaps the most interesting is the Twelve-Six, taxed at only £13, and selling at £235 for the six-light coachbuilt saloon. Both the Eighteen-Six and the new Silent Six are taxed at £18, but the latter has a slightly larger cubic capacity. The most luxurious model in the whole range is the Kaye Don saloon. This has a chassis similar to that of the Silent Six, but is fitted with particularly handsome bodywork of advanced design, for which Mr. Kaye Don, working in conjunction with the company's engineers, has been responsible. Appearance has been combined with utility throughout, and the car is very fully equipped.



The new Austin Windsor six-cylinder Sixteen Saloon, a five-seater model with attractive steel bodywork. The Windsor Saloon is also available on the four-cylinder Twelve chassis

An entirely new model has been introduced in the Junior range. Known as the Junior Special, it has a somewhat larger engine than the standard model, giving a considerable increase in power output. The bodywork is a miniature version of the Kaye Don saloon. The Ten, which was introduced at Olympia last year, is retained with a number of important modifications, chief amongst which are the four-speed silent-third gear box and a very much more powerful engine.

Reduced Prices for Austin Cars

The price of nearly every Austin model has been reduced, and in many cases the standard specification now includes such refinements as sunshine roofs, bumpers, and Magna wheels, which were formerly extras. The standard Austin Seven saloon is now listed at £118, a reduction of no less than £12, while a de luxe version sells at £128. Following long-established practice, the company aims at continuity rather than radical changes in design. A number of detail improvements have, however, been incorporated in the chassis, whilst several new body styles have been introduced. On the Twenty there is, for instance, the new Whitehall saloon de luxe, an entirely new model on the shortened 10ft. wheelbase chassis, specially designed for fast touring. It is very fully equipped, and is fitted with a sunshine roof. Another new saloon on the same chassis is the Carlton, which is similar to the Whitehall, but has a fixed roof.

Three new saloons are offered on the six-cylinder Sixteen. They include the Burnham drop-head saloon de luxe, which can be converted into a landaulet, and the new Windsor saloon, a five-seater model with attractive pressed-steel bodywork. On the Twelve-Six two new open models are now listed at £198—an interesting development in view of the present vogue for closed models. They are the "Open Road" four-seater touring car and the Eton two-seater, an attractive and speedy model with a generous-sized dickey seat and efficient all-weather equipment.

E. M. W.

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"The Poetry of Motion . . ."

A well-worn phrase, but if it means anything to you, if it is anything more than a few words, *You must Know the New LINCOLN.*

To ride in it, merely to *ride* in it, is to get quite a novel conception of motoring.

To drive it, to sample its acceleration, to taste the fascination of free-wheeling on two gears, to glide really soundlessly along, using no fuel, to glide just as in a dream-car, on a dream-road, is to realise *some* of the lure of this New LINCOLN.

Then to examine the car, inch by inch, whether beautiful body-work or superb chassis-finish most appeals to you, to test its perfect provision in the matters of comfort, convenience, liberality of equipment.

What a *mercy* it is that the New LINCOLN is so very, very conservatively priced !

There are far costlier cars than the New LINCOLN. But no Lincoln owner can tell you where the value-for-money is, in those costlier cars. May we bring a New LINCOLN to your home, to your club, to your office, tomorrow ?

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Aristoc

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The Last Word in Comfort

NOTE the new shaped wrap in these garments. It means added warmth and comfort. It protects the vital parts in cold weather and gives longer life to the garment.

"Vērapa" is made by the "Helena" Underwear people — and so satisfaction, fit and fabric are assured.

Established in 1787 the firm's experience and reputation really mean much to you to-day.

Studiously correct in every detail—"Vērapa" is the ideal comfortwear for all seasons and occasions.

In all qualities of Pure Wool, Silk and Wool, Spun Silk, Pure Silk, Cashmere and Silk, Angora and Silk, Silk and Merino, and Merino.

Ladies' and Children's combinations, knickers, vests, spencers, etc., stocked by the best stores and Ladies' Outfitters.

Also made in combinations for Gents.

Write the makers in case of difficulty in obtaining.

WALTER WILSON & SONS, HAWICK, SCOTLAND

Fashions Fancies

Hats are made of many fabrics, although felt holds the fort, but not against all intruders, as velvet and velour tissue have forced an entrance. The model below comes from Henry Heath's autumn collection and is ornamented with a cleverly clipped quill. In these salons are many variations of this theme, including the old-world coachman's headgear which looks so smart when seen in conjunction with the modish three-tiered cape. Another model is reminiscent of the Spanish sailor. It is difficult to wear, nevertheless smart

These hats are particularly interesting, as they show that the clever milliner is able to create becoming and smart models in which is noticeable old-world features. To-day hats are tip-tilted, and the angle is very important. Decidedly soft and lustrous is the black felt that Henry Heath, 109, Oxford Street, has used for the hat above —an important feature is the arrangement of the pale-blue feathers

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Tunbridge*

FISHWIFE SKIRTS

TABLIER TUNICS, FRILLS EVERYWHERE, FEATHERS AND RIBBONS

Every woman needs for morning wear in town and country a suit like the one above. It was designed and carried out by Studd and Millington in a new wool fabric. Interest is added to this black felt hat from Woollands by the parakeet-green ribbon mount

The Fishwife Skirt

TURNING from generalities to details, a description must be given of a model in which the fount of inspiration was a fishwife's skirt. The fabricating medium was soft black crêpe with an embroidered green spot. The long-waisted corsage bore a striking resemblance to the princess. The fishwife skirt was particularly becoming, as it could be wrinkled to suit the figure of the wearer. It was drawn tightly across the back, at the left side it was gathered, and suggested a much modified bustle.

Frills and Again Frills

THERE is no monotony as far as frills are concerned; these are of paramount importance on evening dresses. A black lace dress that was perfectly straight, but at the back suggested an umbrella, had a frill some seven inches wide at the hem, two frills (about two inches wide) sprang from the base of the décolletage, they then cascaded down the entire length of the skirt. Another black lace evening dress was enriched with two frills; they were arranged on serpentine lines the entire length of the figure. Among the black velvet dresses was one with a picture skirt composed of alternate circular rows of velvet and tissue. A spray of white camellias formed the left shoulder strap, otherwise the corsage was innocent of all decoration. Other models had soft wing draperies falling from the shoulders.

Parisian Models in London

PARIS announces and London echoes the newest ideas in the world of dress; and the cream of the French collections may be seen in the London salons. The more exaggerated that were little more than duplicates of the Second Empire modes have been eliminated; nevertheless, the influence of that period is noticeable. Bows at the base of the back are important; sometimes they are flat, like the obi, while at others they stand well away from the figure. The simulated tablier tunic has been revived; it is achieved by the aid of a narrow frill which begins a few inches above the hem in front, is carried round to the centre of the back, where it is caught with a large bow. Sometimes two bows are present; they are about eight or nine inches apart. Rows of buttons are used for decorative purposes, as well as narrow soutache.

The All-Important Hat

IT has been said that there is no better letter of introduction than a smart and becoming hat. It is capital news that at Woollands, Knightsbridge, there is something for every type of face. There are lovely velvet models enriched with ostrich feathers that seem to be seeking for partners luxurious wraps of velvet and fur and the interior of a Rolls-Royce. Again, there are affairs trimmed with ostrich and feather fantasies; they must be worn slightly tip-tilted, and they greatly increase the charm of a youthful face. Perfectly delightful, too, are the hats trimmed with ribbon and clipped quills, and, of course, on these the vagaries of the weather have no deleterious effect. Pictured on this page is a black felt hat trimmed with parakeet-green ribbon; naturally, it is available in other colour schemes. All interested in hats for country wear must write for the illustrated catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

Simple Tailored Suits

THE art of cutting and tailoring are well understood by Studd and Millington, Conduit Street and Chancery Lane. They are responsible for the coat and skirt pictured on this page. It is made of wool fabric with a black ground and a white spot pattern. As this firm excel in making from measurements, those who are unable to visit their salons must write for self-measurement forms, together with patterns of the materials. Too much cannot be said in favour of the "Camel" coats; they are light, warm, and perfectly ventilated; some are provided with the new military collars. There are other wrap coats in homespuns and tweeds, some with fur and some innocent of fur collars.

A Beauty Hint

TO prevent cold winds and fog hurting the complexion the face must be bathed at frequent intervals with Lait Larola; it is sold everywhere.

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick-headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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IN the famous Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water, Nature supplies just those salts and other mineral elements which repel liverish tendencies.

Vichy-Célestins is a natural orderly which helps the liver to function normally.

Vichy-Célestins is very pleasant to the taste, and may be taken at meals and at any other period of the day.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

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BETTER MILK FOR BABIES

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Lactogen may be given as an alternative feed or as Baby's sole food. Even the most delicate babies thrive on Lactogen from birth.

"Lactogen is the better milk for Baby," Doctors and Nurses have proved in thousands of cases. That's why they now tell Mothers "Put Baby on Lactogen."

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DOGS

"BARRABAS" AND SOME BUNNIES

By LADY KITTY RITSON

Of course we are the kindest nation in the world, as far as animals are concerned—at least so we are always led to believe—but I sometimes doubt it. I have just come back from Italy, where kindness to animals is not conspicuous by its presence, but I am bound to confess that things have improved enormously since I was last there, which is twelve years ago. Even in Naples I did not see any dogs which were starving or mere pariahs. A certain number of people had dogs, which, although muzzled, looked well and properly cared for. Certainly only a very few people kept dogs as compared with England, but that is all to the good. I am afraid that too many families have a dog, just as they "have" a car, because they vaguely like to see it about, but they don't take the trouble over it that they should.

It is a great mistake to keep a dog "for the nursery" unless there is somebody who is responsible for it, over and above the children, who, after all, have not yet learned the meaning of responsibility. A nursery dog very often has a poor life, and it is wrong that it should be so, not only from the dog's point of view, but also from the wrong view-point that it gives the children.

I can remember that, when I was about seven years old, I had some rabbits. One day, when it had been raining, my father asked me casually if I had fed my rabbits. "Oh, no, father," I answered cheerfully, "it's been raining." "I see," said my fond papa, "well, as the rabbits have had no food, you also need no tea or supper." So I went to bed hungry, and I learned my lesson, which I never forgot. Incidentally, we were not allowed any more pets until we were fourteen years old, which is, I think, an excellent plan.

While I was in Italy I visited Dr. Axel Munthe's villa (the man who wrote "San Michele"). There I met the most delightful Alsatian, who is called Barrabas. He was not what you might call a show specimen, not by any manner of means; his tail curled tightly over his back, and he was very small, but when he smiled—ah, then! you saw what a dog can look like when he is loved and treated as a dog should be.

I have met several "celebrated" dogs in my time, and I must add Barrabas' name to the list. I wonder how many people know that Dr. Munthe devoted a large proportion of the proceeds of his book to the funds of the R.S.P.C.A. in Naples. That was a really practical way of showing his love for animals, to whom he is devoted, in spite of the fact that he believes that vivisection is necessary and useful.

I get a perfect flood of correspondence on the subject of skin troubles, and it would seem that they are very prevalent. I wish that I could help you all, but my diagnosis would be of very little use, I fear—even a veterinary surgeon cannot do much without being able to take scrapings. I can only advise you to have scrapings taken repeatedly (and not when you have been treating the dog with remedies, but when he is at his worst). Also, explain to your vet. that you will not fly into a rage if he does diagnose mange. Very often he is afraid to mention the word, as people are so touchy. As a general rule it is worth while changing the diet with all skin troubles.

AN ATTRACTIVE QUARTETTE

Mr. A. Payne's litter of Wire Haired Fox Terriers exhibited at the Sandy and District Dog Show, Bedfordshire

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There is no biscuit he will relish like Spillers Shapes.

Four different Shapes and every shape a different flavour. *Wheatmeal*—crisp and crunchy for the teeth. *Super*—the vitamin biscuit. *Fruit*—containing genuine fruit for the digestion, and *Ginger*—the canine cocktail.

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In packets and bags 5d. and 1s., and larger sizes. Also loose by the pound.

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Cartridge which shows the flight of the shot!

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

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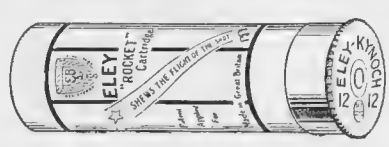

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No need to use foreign cartridges; for true economy shoot British Mullerite and stop your "Grouse."

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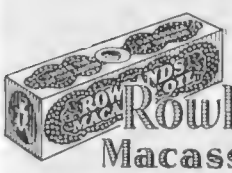

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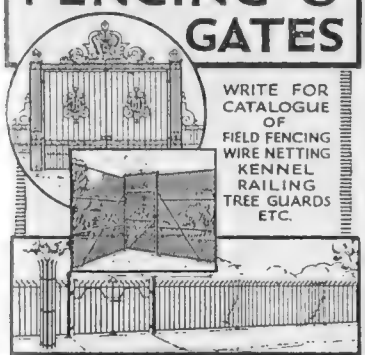

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THE GOURMET — Conducted by Emilia

Omelette de Homard

BREAK up the flesh of a small lobster in a basin with a wooden spoon. Add one tablespoonful of cream, the yolks of three eggs, season with salt and pepper, and beat for about five minutes. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir them in very lightly. Place in an omelette pan an ounce of butter, and when melted (though not too hot) put in the mixture and keep the pan over the fire for one minute. Then place it in the oven for five minutes. Turn the omelette out on to a hot dish, double it together, and serve immediately.

Fricandeau de Veau

TRIM neatly about three pounds of fillet of veal, lard it thickly with bacon on one side. Place in a large stewpan a layer of slices of bacon, then some carrots and onions cut into slices, with a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spices to taste: lay the piece of veal in the middle and moisten it with about a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for three or four hours, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy and put it into a small saucepan, skim off all superfluous fat, add to it a little butter mixed smoothly with a small quantity of flour, and let the gravy reduce nearly to a glaze, when it can be poured over the meat, and serve with a border of spinach.

Luncheon

CANTALOUPE GLACÉ.

OMELETTE DE HOMARD.

FRICANDEAU DE VEAU.
ÉPINARDS À LA CRÈME.

PÊCHES AU MARASQUIN.

CANAPÉS AU FROMAGE.

CAFÉ.

Épinards à la Crème

BOIL 2 lb. of spinach; when well drained pass it through a fine wire sieve. Put 2 ozs. of butter into a saucepan, and when melted stir in the spinach. Season with salt, pepper, a pinch of castor sugar, and add two tablespoonfuls of cream.

Pêches au Marasquin

CUT six peaches in halves, blanch them in boiling water for five minutes, peel and put them into some syrup in a basin: clarify one ounce of gelatine and add a quarter of a pint of maraschino to the jelly. Drain the peaches; put a mould on pounded ice, pour a little jelly in, and when this is set fill the mould with alternate layers of peach and jelly. Let the jelly remain in the ice for two hours, when it will be ready to turn out and serve.

Canapés au Fromage

TAKE one large ripe tomato and rub through a sieve. Grate two ounces of cheese, add a little cream or yolk of egg, a pinch of salt, pepper and sugar. Make hot and serve on toast.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Cheap Travel for the Indian Summer

The L.N.E.R. have arranged for no fewer than 516 half-day excursions to run all over their system during September. This number will be considerably increased if the weather improves. On the long-distance excursions meals will be obtainable at popular prices in restaurant cars.

A Little-known Holiday Resort

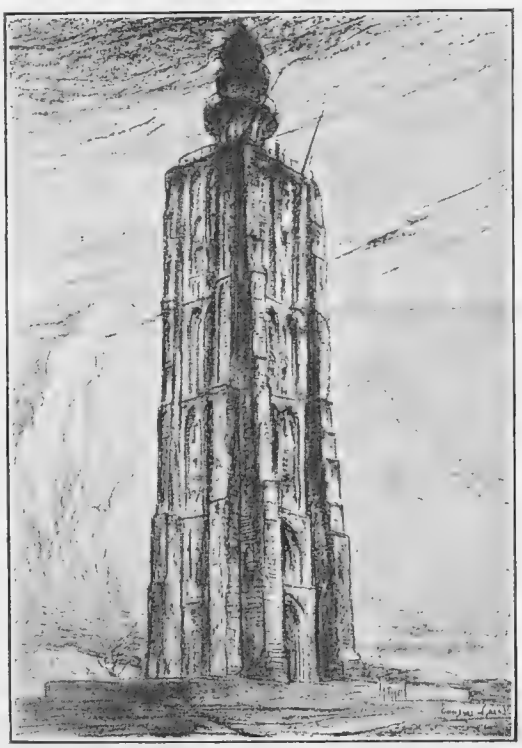
An attractive booklet entitled "Zeeland Calling" has been issued by the Zeeland Steamship Company, which calls attention to the charms of the Zeeland Islands, which can be reached from England in a few hours by the fine steamers on the Harwich-Flushing Day Service, and where, owing to the former isolation of Zeeland from the rest of Holland, old costumes and old customs still survive, which add much to their picturesqueness.

Flushing itself is a delightful, convenient, inexpensive holiday resort, while on the Island of Walcheren, the towns of Domburg, Veere, and Zouteland are full of old-world charm and sylvan beauty, and well worthy of a visit.

South Beveland is full of historical interest, and popular excursions lasting several days can include visits to these places as well as to the Island of Schouwen. It is at Westkapelle, on Walcheren, where the wonderful lighthouse illustrated on this page is a typical example of the ancient buildings which add so much to the interest of this fascinating and too little-known coast.

Labour-saving in the Home

A machine called the Duette is a labour-saving device which will both dry-clean and wash, and takes up but little room in the home. The Duette will dry-clean two ordinary silk or Rayon frocks at one time, while if used for washing the number of garments and household linen that it can cope with at once is considerable. When not in use the machine can be taken apart and packed away in a cubic foot of space in a cupboard or on a shelf.



The lighthouse at Westkapelle, a drawing reproduced from "Zeeland Calling," published by the Zeeland Shipping Co.

The Schneider Trophy Contest

The Southern Railway is making elaborate arrangements to enable the public to visit the best viewpoints for the Schneider Trophy contest, which will be flown over the Solent on Saturday next.

One of many facilities is a combined return ticket from Victoria to Portsmouth Harbour, with accommodation on a steamer which will anchor in the Solent, at 23*s.* first class and 16*s.* third. Cheap day tickets from suburban and provincial stations, special steamer excursions, cheap fares to the Isle of Wight, and other comprehensive schemes have been arranged, full particulars of which can be obtained from the Southern Railway.

Good to See

The well-known makers of field-glasses, Messrs. W. Watson and Sons, Ltd., of 313, High Holborn, have designed a "Vedet" pocket telescope which combines in miniature all the advantages of binoculars. The "Vedet" only weighs seven ounces, and is four inches in length, while its magnification is the same as a high-power binocular glass, i.e., eight diameters, and of the same quality. With soft pocket case and neck sling the price is only 77*s.* 6*d.*

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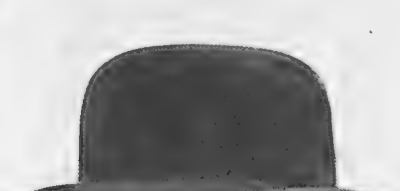

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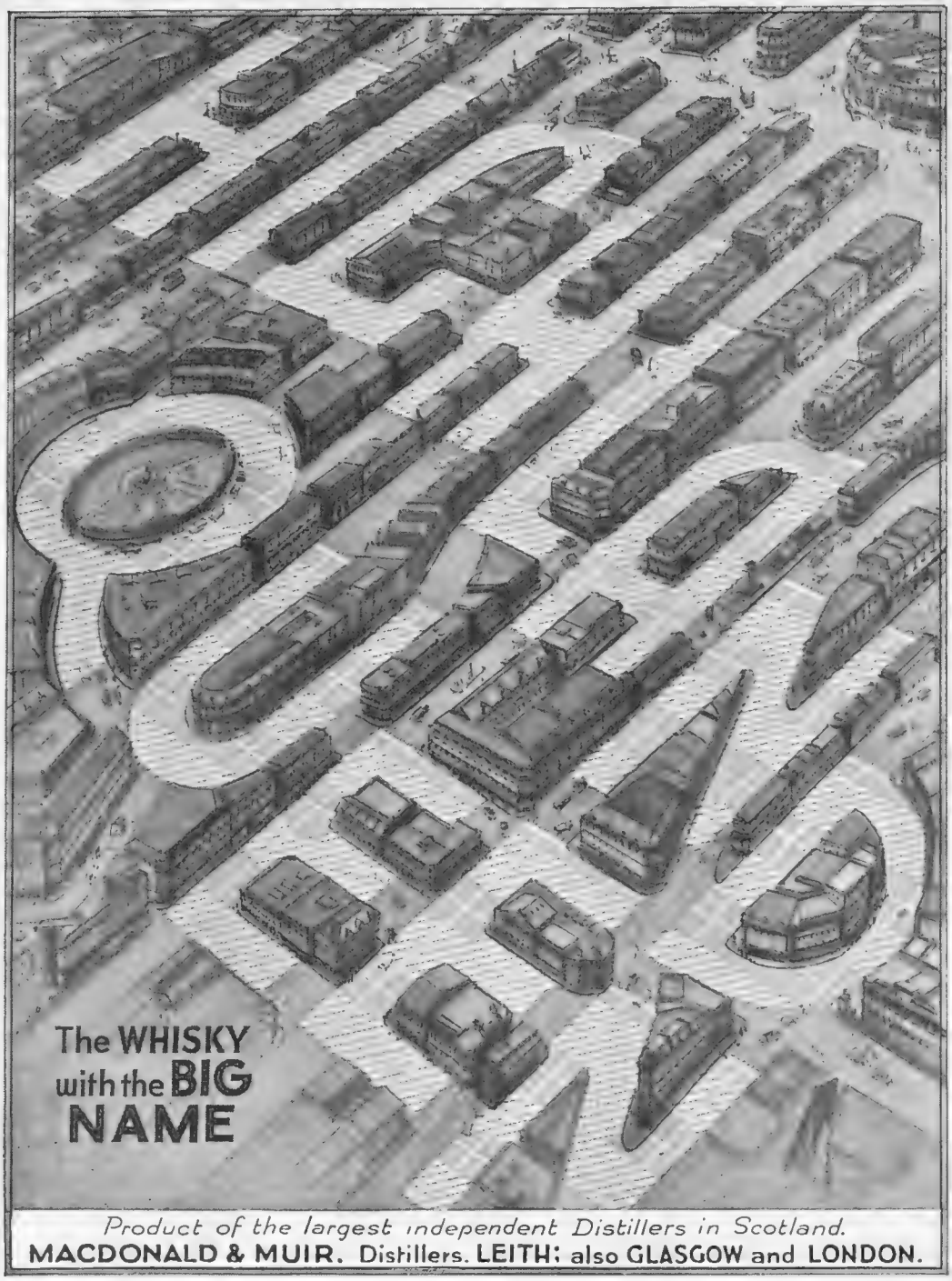

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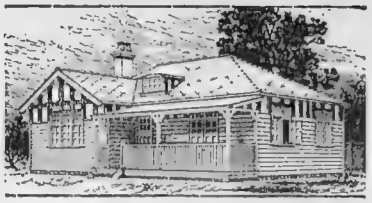

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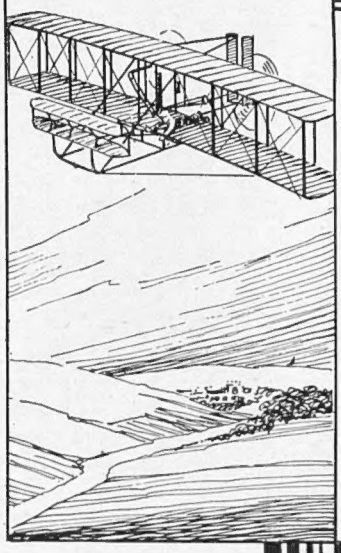

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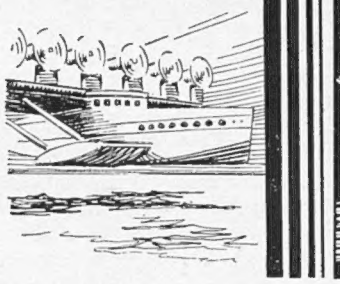

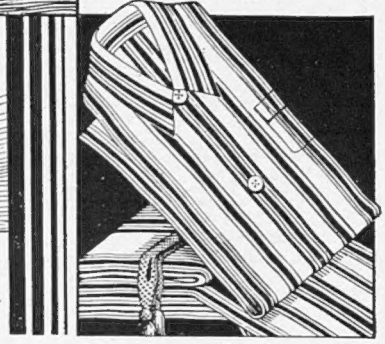

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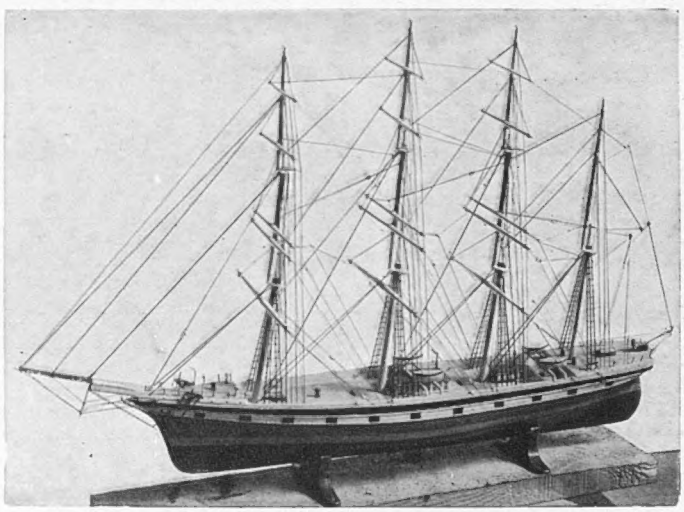

Length (figurehead to stern) 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

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